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LET no one be deceived by the inspired reports that conditions are getting better in the Ruhr; that the French are beginning to have their way; that the troops are being reduced in the cities; that the Paris magnates have now decided that they are going to be good, and, after having done their utmost to destroy German credit and financial ability, are now going to help Germany to get on her feet. The situation is not one whit less critical than it was. Fridtjof Nansen has just uttered a solemn warning that the next war approaches rapidly. It is not going to be averted by any halfway measures, or by any sudden French decision to change their policy after the mischief has been done. There is no cessation of the misery and the suffering in the Ruhr and in all Germany, no improvement in the situation of the neutrals against whom France struck most serious blows when she entered the Ruhr. In short, there can be no health in Europe until the whole entanglement is straightened out. From London come reports that the French and English were near an agreement just prior to the election in England, under which the French were to consent to a reduction of the Ruhr occupation to a "simple system of financial and economic control with British participation," such control to be "extended progressively to other regions in Germany," with permanent military occupation of the Rhine, but with France abandoning all support of the Separatist criminals. It will be a cause for rejoicing, indeed, if the defeat of Mr. Baldwin has blocked this scheme, which in its essence meant simply an agreement that England should share in the swag and keep silent in return for certain concessions, as in the Mediterranean.

ONE index of the appalling difficulties of life in Germany is given by the price of a single newspaper. A copy of the *Berliner Tageblatt* cost 5,000 marks on July 29; it had risen to 500,000 September 9; in November it crossed the billion mark. With the issue of a supposed gold currency the *Tageblatt* began printing prices in both gold and paper marks. The contrast is ghastly. On November 18 the price reads: 20 gold pfennigs, or 120 billion marks. One pre-war metal mark was equivalent to 600 billion marks of the kind men receive as wages.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Coolidge is going to enter the Illinois and California primaries. That is the democratic way of testing out public sentiment and ascertaining whether the Republican masses favor his continuance in office or not. Indeed, we hope he will go still further, openly announce his own candidacy, and have himself enrolled as a candidate in every State which is advanced enough to test the sentiment of the voters by means of a primary. That does not, of course, mean that we shall thereby escape the customary procedure of having a Republican nominee picked by bosses in a room in the most exclusive hotel of the city in which the convention is held. But at least, if most primaries should reject Mr. Coolidge, the leaders could not be in doubt as to his chances at the election. Senator Johnson, too, is at work and will likewise confront the acid test of the primaries. On the Democratic side, only Mr. McAdoo seems to be making any headway. He might easily sweep the country if he would come out for government ownership of railroads and against the League of Nations, but he is hedging and, like all politicians, wondering whether it would be expedient or not.

NOTHING spreads like a bad example. Judge Mayer decides that the administration of justice has been imperiled by criticism from Comptroller Craig, and immediately Justice Hagerty of the New York Supreme Court conceives that the majesty of the law is undermined by the remarks of an assistant corporation counsel. The justice declares that a slur has been cast upon the entire Supreme Court of the State, and demands an apology. The criticism was in a newspaper interview to the effect that makers of gambling slot machines could, with political influence and high-priced counsel, obtain injunctions preventing police interference. The remarks were made without adequate evidence, and the assistant corporation counsel subsequently wrote to Justice Hagerty that they were inaccurate. This was not enough; the dignity of the bench must be upheld by an apology. What tommyrot! Most people had never heard of this slur on the courts until Justice Hagerty brought it to their attention. Congress and the President have been subjected to pitiless and constant criticism since this republic was founded; yet our legislative and executive branches are functioning with ever-increasing power and authority. Is it not possible that our courts, too, can carry

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on without suppressing free speech on the part of persons who dispute, however rightly or wrongly, the unblemished record of the bench for justice?

WHILE meditating on Judge Mayer and Justice Hagerty, who seem to think that the way to uphold the majesty of the law is to make it ridiculous, our eye caught an item in the Seattle *Union Record*, which told how a farmer was faced with hanging or deportation (minus his ears) because he had taken one of his cows out of the public pound and led her home against the protest of the custodian of the inclosure. A charge of "pound breach" was laid against him and he was found guilty. But when the judge searched for a law under which to sentence the farmer, it was found that the criminal code of the State of Washington failed to provide for the offense. Resort was then had to the English common law, and an ancient act was discovered which provided that a person guilty of "pound breach" might be either executed or exiled to a penal colony in Australia after having his ears cut off. The edition of the *Union Record* which we were reading went to press before the judge had decided which penalty to apply, but the story should be an inspiration to Judge Mayer and Justice Hagerty. Were they to crop the ears or hang a ring in the nose of anybody who criticized the courts, the waning prestige of our judicial system might be restored.

WE owe the New York *Times* an apology. In commenting on Judge Parker's defense of the "capitalist press" we stated that the *Times* had omitted Senator Wheeler's reply to Judge Parker while printing the judge's attack upon Senator Wheeler. We were mistaken. The fact that the *Times's* own index department informed us that it had not printed Senator Wheeler's reply does not obviate the error. It had printed a fair extract from Senator Wheeler's letter, which, while under a less conspicuous head, was longer than its extract from the attack upon him. We make the correction herewith, and we are glad to give the correction the same position we gave the original charge.

IN spite of the ease with which our last tariff bill went through Congress, there are signs that the business community is no longer as solid for this particular kind of boneheadedness as it was once. Take the bankers, for instance. The Chase National Bank of New York City has issued a bulletin by its economist, Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., who calls attention to changed economic conditions which are leading bankers to view our tariff wall with a doubt that they did not feel previous to the World War.

> They have seen, for a period of nine years, an excess of exports going out, unmatched by imports, unmatched even by the so-called "invisible" items of immigrants' remittances, shipping services, and the like. They have seen, consequently, the piling up of an ever-growing debt of foreign countries to the United States, not primarily to banks, but rather to investors, exporters, foreign-exchange speculators, etc. . . . They have studied anxiously the problem of how Europe could ever pay her debt, and it has become increasingly clear to them that she can pay it only if she is allowed to send goods here, sell the goods in our markets, and turn over the proceeds in dollars to her creditors here. It is increasingly clear that the present excessive tariff rates constitute a hurdle so high that Europe would have the gravest difficulty in making large payments here, even if she were otherwise in a position to undertake it.

MEANWHILE two billion dollars in gold has flowed into the country in the past nine years, draining Europe's liquid assets. And this great gilded heap, which some of us regard as such a bulwark of wealth and strength—are the bankers equally enthusiastic about it? The answer, according to Mr. Anderson, is in the negative. This gilded heap is a vast "dead asset," both wasteful and dangerous.

> Gold is a tool of trade. It is an expensive tool. Gold bears no interest. When it is accumulated in excess of the need, it involves a waste of capital. The United States would be very much better off today, for example, if we had a billion and a half dollars less of gold in the country and instead had a billion and a half dollars more of housing facilities in our congested cities. The United States would also be better off if the countries of Europe had a billion and a half dollars of our gold as a basis for the restoration of sound currency and liquid credit position.

These words are as significant as true. If the bankers ever decide to present a united front against a protective tariff, then the historic tenet of the G.O.P. is doomed.

POLITICS in France have a dash and verve utterly foreign to our own. Lucien Midol, leader of the railway strike of 1920, was recently elected by the Communists to the municipal council of Paris. After the strike he had taken refuge in Switzerland, and the French courts, as is their wont, condemned him *in absentia* for a great variety of crimes. Upon his election Midol crossed the Franco-Swiss frontier on foot, took local trains to a suburb of Paris, and walked into the capital with the morning flood of wage-earners. On the appointed day the police set up a barrage about the Town Hall, but Midol slipped through unrecognized, took his seat, and made a speech. After the session all the deputies entered the chairman's office. The police demanded entry. Ferdinand Brunet, far from a Communist but evidently with a touch of humor, stood at the locked door with the key in his pocket and informed the police that they had no right to enter his office. The police sent for a locksmith. The lock was picked and the police rushed in. "Too late," said one of the councilors. So the police rushed out, while Midol, sitting at Brunet's desk, laughed with the rest. He then joined, unrecognized, the reporters and listened to a police officer describe how he had escaped from the window. The next day, while the police searched every automobile and pedestrian crossing the French frontier, Midol had himself photographed in Paris. A second time Midol passed the police barrage and entered the City Hall, but this time a police officer discovered him in the cloakroom.

A HUNDRED years ago a small leaflet circulated in Manchester, England, which aimed to relieve the economic burden of excessively large families by giving the parents contraceptive information, was labeled by the good people "The Diabolical Handbill." Seven years ago, fifty-five years after the first birth-control clinic in the world was opened in Amsterdam, the police arrested Margaret Sanger and two others for opening such a clinic in Brooklyn. The tide has scarcely turned yet. But the advocates of birth control have now a fund of practical data with which to wage a fight that is more fundamental that all the maternity and child-welfare legislation in the world. For eleven months the New York Clinical Research Bureau has conducted a scientific study of 900 cases—the first socio-medi-

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cal research in birth control that has ever been done. For every case studied, two were rejected because they did not fall within the legal classification of those who may be so aided. All who received information at the clinic had to show that it was needed as a measure of health; 73 per cent sought it as well for economic reasons; 49 per cent showed bad family inheritance. The United States stands sixth on the child mortality list; in the five countries ahead of us there is no legal restriction on the dissemination of birth-control information. The United States is twentieth on the list in maternal mortality. We must get rid of cant in dealing with a subject of this kind or else forever class ourselves with those who used to condemn lightning-rods as an interference with divine providence.

"A YEAR and a day"—the old fairy tales always hung upon that glamorous phrase. Likewise, too often, the modern fairy tale of justice and political freedom. "A year and a day," said His Honor, Judge Henry W. Goddard, leaning down from his bench in the United States District Court in New York City, as he sentenced Carlo Tresca to the federal penitentiary at Atlanta for carrying in his paper, *Il Martello,* the two-line advertisement of a book on birth control. As *The Nation* pointed out last week, the authorities are not concerned about the book. It was not in the hope of catching an insignificant advertisement that a special agent of the Department of Justice hired himself out to *Il Martello* for a year. But that he was unable in that time to find better cause for arresting Mr. Tresca makes the present charge and conviction all the more disgusting. District Attorney Mattucks's admission that the whole investigation was made at the instigation of the Italian ambassador, and his suggestion that if Mr. Tresca would leave the country at once sentence should be suspended, are significant. Time was when Americans would have vigorously resented the dictation of a foreign Power in American courts.

KINDNESS is a real impulse of the human heart, we believe, and not a mere outcropping of the idea of duty or a seasonal, Santa Claus sort of benevolence. But how tragically easy it is to choke the springs of kindness with a clod of prejudice or a hard, indecent lie. We have recently received a communication from Paxton Hibben of the American Nansen Committee, which quite persuades us that the press associations, with various superheated patriots and officials as accomplices, are unwitting murderers of Russian children. He sends us a letter from a man who last year collected $1,200 worth of clothing for the orphans of Russia. This year he will do nothing to help these children—he has been told that the Russians are selling grain and with the proceeds importing paper on which to spread the doctrines of communism, that a huge and unnecessary standing army is being maintained, that "unlimited funds" are being sent from Russia into the United States "to stir up labor strife with the ultimate view of the overthrow of our democratic form of government." He admits that the children are not to blame but fears that Americans must be rather indifferent to their sufferings until the "majority in Russia . . . some day come to their own, assert their rights and powers, and oust this bunch of robbers and murderers. . . ." Such has been the food fed to the American public. The Russian Government may list its chief imports, and repeat its offers for the recognition and the settlement of the Czar's debts, and show how its army compares with the other armies of Europe. And the scandalous misrepresentations bought and published by the United Mine Workers may be shown up in every decent journal. None the less official lies and unofficial slander carry farther than these denials—to the end that Russian children are left by kind and honest Americans to die.

JOHN MORLEY was a stalwart old stoic, and one respects the stern dictates of his will. But has any man the right to lay down such terms as these:

> As it is possible that some person may desire to write a memoir of my life, which I regard as wholly superfluous, I enjoin upon my executors and each of them to refuse to aid or encourage any such design, and not allow any such person to have access to any of my papers, whether personal or acquired in the course of official duty, either for perusal or otherwise. And I also desire that the same refusal of access to my papers shall be extended to persons writing memoirs or biographies of friends of mine or others.

There has, perhaps, been an exaggerated mania for memoirs in these latter years, but the least valuable of them have been published by their living writers. If John Morley had desired that a decade should elapse and personal impressions fade before his story were written, that would be, possibly, a justifiable request; but to bar the future from attempting to understand the past through the papers of such a man as Morley—that seems to us a dead hand set against the right of history. A more sympathetic side of Morley's character is revealed in his bequest of "a substantial contribution from my library, not to be less than 5,000 volumes, to be chosen by the chairman of the [Manchester] University Council in priority to any other beneficiary, such volumes to be placed in Ashburne Hall for the benefit of the women students."

THE fruits of last year's convention on church publicity are being gathered. At that convention the chairman of the church-advertising department of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World described the need for broadcasting Christianity in the following terms:

> This is the greatest field yet unentered by the advertising fraternity. . . . The advertising men with their genius and ability to spread truth must take an interest in the church and put it into the minds and hearts of men. If they do not do so, they will show the first evidence of narrowness and selfishness yet shown by the wonderful profession when a new door opens. . . . The plain duty of the advertising man is to "join the church and become a vital part of the organization" . . . for when the church prospers, all other business prospers. . . . The people are hungry for God, but they must sometimes have quail mixed with their manna.

Now the seed which fell upon the good ground has sprung up a hundred-fold. Churches are advertising as never before. The *Editor and Publisher* proudly reports that the Brooklyn *Eagle* ran "the largest single piece of church advertising copy ever printed in a daily newspaper"—a double-spread on the occasion of the fall meeting of the Methodist Board of Bishops. A manufacturer a few doors from *The Nation's* office offers "Interchangeable Signs for Church and Commercial Advertising." "I've put Jesus in my balance sheet, boys," says the Y. M. C. A. orator in "Bunk," "and I find he shows a net profit year after year." But "Bunk" is only a novel.

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Labor's Triumph in England

OF profound significance to the whole world is the outcome of the British elections. It is one of those events which like a sudden flash of lightning illumine the darkest skies with a radiant promise of the morrow. To liberals and progressives everywhere the gains of the Labor Party, utterly unexpected in their magnitude, must bring fresh hope and encouragement. Fighting against all sorts of odds, with their treasury exhausted, with cries of "socialism" and "beware the capital levy" being used against them everywhere by the united forces of wealth, privilege, and conservatism, the Labor Party appears to have won forty-seven additional seats where thirty was the highest number the most enthusiastic had dared to prophesy. More than that, they won in districts in London where it was not believed that they had any chance whatever. Their policy of refusing to amalgamate with the Liberals was triumphantly vindicated. The Liberals, despite the Asquith and Lloyd George reunion, won forty seats less than the Labor Party, which remains His Majesty's Opposition.

Rarely has political folly met with so prompt and deserved a punishment as that which has overtaken the Baldwin Government. Planless, cowardly, and utterly inconsistent in their foreign policy, incredibly shortsighted and mistaken in their appeal to the country on a false domestic issue, the Conservatives have been fairly overwhelmed. They have paid the price for intrusting their fortunes to a sincere but dull and superficial business man, and for undertaking to overthrow in a three weeks' campaign that historic British policy of free trade to which Britain owes its prestige and power and for decades owed its industrial domination of the globe. It is precisely this triumph of free trade as well as the progress of the Labor Party which makes this election so momentous for the whole world. Never was there a greater need for the one conspicuous free-trade nation to nail its colors to the mast. When all Europe condemns itself to needless losses and hardships because of the endless new frontiers and vicious new tariffs which are the aftermath of the war, so shining an example of sound economic policy could have been lost only with the utmost detriment to mankind. The free-trade victory is, we believe, decisive. Elections may follow one after another in England—it looks as if they would—but we cannot believe that any other statesman will be found for a long time to come willing to test his fortunes on this issue—certainly not without long preparation. To Mr. Baldwin the hour seemed particularly tempting because of the unrest and huge unemployment. Would the voters not jump at the chance to stimulate employment by artificial barriers? Plainly he had thought nothing through. The very fact that, taking his proposals at their alleged value, they would only revive industries employing 140,000 men, when there are nearly 1,500,000 unemployed, made his case hopeless with all thinking voters. Surely we shall not again see an approach to protection from that angle, whatever else the future may hold in store.

The result of Mr. Baldwin's political incapacity and total misconception of the desires of the electorate has resulted in a situation which, as has been widely pointed out, subjects the British constitution to its severest test of modern times. A system of government developed by and for the two-party system and presupposing a majority after every election is now confronted with the fact of three great parties none of which is able to control the House. It would be idle to prophesy the outcome of a tangle which is almost without precedent, indeed is without an exact precedent. It would be rash for the Labor Party to take office when it holds but 190 out of 615 seats. Fortunately its leader, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who so readily sacrificed what seemed to be his entire political future in 1914 by his opposition to the war and his steadfast adherence to his pacifist principles, is not the man to feel any personal inclination or temptation to become the first Labor premier. A minority party taking office would carry on the government only under the great handicap of knowing that its opponents by joining hands could turn it out on any measure. The very insecurity of its existence would make against efficiency and against any domestic or financial program looking to the future for its development and working out. The Labor Party would, in addition, suffer from its unquestioned need of longer parliamentary experience—we have no fear as to its ability to produce the necessary administrative talents to carry on the several departments of the government. Its membership is mixed; success has brought dangers as well as responsibilities, and some of the men who have risen from the lower ranks of Labor have much to learn and have many preconceptions and needlessly bitter class partisanship to divest themselves of. It may become a political necessity for the party to assume the management of affairs under these conditions, but it would not be likely to help it at the next election.

Yet the temptation to assume control must be very great. There is work to be done which they must itch to do. Leaders like Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson, who will doubtless find a seat in the House before very long, must ache to get their hands upon the Foreign Office and to lead the way to an adjustment of the European situation without the settlement of which there is no hope of England's return to prosperity. At the same time, they must see that if they take office now their efforts to clear up the mess created and left by the governments which have followed one another since 1914 will put upon them a task so great that any failure would react upon them. Indeed, it is openly stated that the Conservatives would like to see Labor take office, believing that it could not make sufficient headway to save itself from discredit at the hands of an electorate praying for prompt and early relief from the sufferings to which it is subjected. Let no man underestimate the gravity of the British situation. We agree with Mr. Baldwin that England is quite as deserving of the sympathy of the world as is France. It is not the habit of Anglo-Saxons to exhibit their wounds like an itinerant beggar and to dwell upon their need of sympathy. But the menace of the future in England, quite aside from unemployment, is such that one can at times only wonder whether British industry can ever really recover from the shock of the war and whether an unprecedented migration is not inevitable. None the less, we hope that Labor will at least avoid the compromise of a coalition government, just as it steadfastly refused to coalesce before the poll. Let the Liberals and Conservatives combine if they will. A Ramsay MacDonald government which included Messrs. Lloyd George and Asquith would be an anomaly and would speedily become a byword.

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The President and the Progressives

NEITHER the organization of Congress nor President Coolidge's two messages to it tells us much that we did not already know. Mr. Coolidge's recommendations confirm the verdict, already rendered, that he is our most conservative—not to say stand-pat—President since William McKinley. The organization of Congress shows what we have known since its election more than a year ago—that it contains an unusual percentage of progressive members but that their effectiveness will be impaired by inexperience and lack of cohesion.

Interest in Washington this winter will lie in the tug-of-war between the two forces: progressivism in Congress and reaction in the White House. Mr. Coolidge's political qualifications consist of caution, conservatism, and obedience. They were the characteristics necessary for a young Republican who sought to get ahead in Massachusetts in the days of Winthrop Murray Crane's dictatorship; they carried Mr. Coolidge into the Governor's chair, but they could not have carried him further. The rest was a streak of—for him—golden luck. And now, in his message, Mr. Coolidge naturally reverts to the only political bag of tricks he has: caution, conservatism, and obedience. To a country seething with complex problems and intolerable situations, Mr. Coolidge offers the gospel of stand-patism. He cannot do otherwise. He has nothing else to offer; and besides he realizes that his one hope of a nomination for the Presidency next summer is to offend as few persons as possible and to sit on the lid as hard as he can for the next six months. As a sitter on the lid we can think of few abler men than Calvin Coolidge. He learned long ago to stand without hitching, and he can as surely be depended upon to sit without squirming.

Naturally a continuation of the Harding policies—what were they, by the way?—will be Mr. Coolidge's chief endeavor. We shall continue our policy of drift with regard to Europe. With the exception of a favorable reference to a world court—out of deference, no doubt, to Mr. Harding's advocacy of it—Mr. Coolidge's messages contain not a single constructive recommendation in regard to foreign relations in a world of chaos. He stands with Mr. Hughes, of course, in refusing to consider cancelation of the Allied war debts to us in return for the possibility of averting an economic collapse in Europe. He would hold to an I. O. U. which (except in the case of Great Britain) there is no hope here or hereafter of collecting rather than reestablish a market for American products. In reaffirming the policy not to recognize Russia in the present conditions, Mr. Coolidge says hopefully that he sees there "encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society." Mr. Coolidge's hermetically sealed mind is revealed almost *in toto* in that trustful devotion to the "ancient ways of society." It is the gospel of stand-pattism in the presence of the greatest industrial experiment of modern times.

In domestic policies Mr. Coolidge deserves praise for his recommendation in favor of a constitutional amendment to end the issue of tax-exempt securities. In backing Mr. Mellon on this issue the President takes a courageous and statesmanlike stand. Among his recommendations Mr. Coolidge places first and foremost the Mellon plan for reducing taxation and spiking the soldiers' bonus. Opposition to the bonus is good conservative doctrine, but in a candidate for renomination it marks political courage. The other proposals are mainly wasteland: the tariff wall should not be attacked; all the railroads need is consolidation; agricultural prostration is dismissed with a suggestion to farmers to diversify their crops and resort to cooperation; the fuel emergency is passed over with some kind words for the inadequate recommendations of the Coal Commission.

It would be too much to expect a thrilling battle between the progressives and the President. Mr. Coolidge will not put up a great fight for anything. If there is dangerous work to be done, he will intrust it to somebody else. The progressives in Congress, on the other hand, are full of fight, but have no permanent philosophy nor even any present program upon which to unite. Interest hitherto has centered chiefly in the progressive bloc in the Senate, but as William Hard points out in his Washington letter on another page, more is likely to be heard this winter of the progressive bloc in the House, because of the solid delegation of ten from Wisconsin and the discipline and unity that is to be expected from this group. It is doubtful, of course, if the House progressives obtained any substantial advantages as a result of their much-advertised fight in connection with the speakership. The House is a clumsy and autocratic body where a new man, even of outstanding ability, has little chance; where no minority, no matter how ably led, can accomplish much. The country will only be piling up disappointment for itself if it expects much in the way of progressive legislation from the present session of Congress. There is sufficient progressive strength to present an embarrassing opposition and thus to win some compromises. But more than that is improbable. The chief hope will be in an educational campaign for the country and in the possibility of laying foundations for a broader and deeper progressive movement.

The Menace of Mexico

REDUCED to its simplest terms, the De la Huerta coup is an attempt to stab the Mexican revolution in the back and to return Mexico to the political heirs of Porfirio Diaz. His manifesto, which omits all mention of Article 27 and makes land distribution contingent on a foreign loan, is conclusive, if direct evidence were needed. General Guadalupe Sanchez, the Vera Cruz division commander who heads the revolt, has long been an evident counter-revolutionary. His insubordinate assaults upon the agrarians in Vera Cruz have augmented the unrest in that state and deeply troubled the federal Government.

Americans may wonder why De la Huerta, long an intimate associate of the Obregon regime, should now seek to destroy its three years' constructive work. For those who really know De la Huerta the answer is not difficult. He was a good interim president chiefly because he had the support of Obregon and Calles, whose policies he carried out. As Secretary of the Treasury he gradually yielded to the temptations of his office and began building a political machine. The reactionaries, native and foreign, lent him all the support that seemed expedient.

An obviously reactionary candidate would stand no chance. So the Cooperatista Party, equipped with all the revolutionary catchwords and apparently named for its

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members' systematic cooperation in looting the state and the municipal treasuries they controlled, sprang into being. A press campaign in the United States, in part financed by the treasury funds, stigmatized General Calles as a "red" and a "bolshevik." In Mexico, on the other hand, while secretly trafficking with all the forces of reaction, De la Huerta was trumpeting his radicalism, verbally indorsing the Calles candidacy, and declaring in the most solemn terms that under no circumstances would he compete—to do so would imperil the revolutionary conquests already made.

President Obregon, distressed by the raiding of the treasury, which was increasingly manifest in arrears of pay to public employees and in the hamstringing of the government education campaign, nevertheless desired to avoid an open breach. But his refusal to sanction the fraudulent election by which the titular Cooperatista leader, Prieto Laurens, sought to capture the governorship of San Luis Potosi, precipitated the announcement of De la Huerta's candidacy, "in response to overwhelming popular demand." When, after six weeks' campaigning, this proved to be little else than the clamor of the reactionaries and the pay-roll patriots, who included the "red" anarcho-syndicalist leaders, he chose the time-honored Mexican method, open revolt.

The real tragedy of this attempt lies in its destruction of President Obregon's valiant effort to establish a peaceful and democratic succession to the presidency. It had been his highest ambition to achieve this. For three years he has sought to avoid interference in state elections and has aimed to make them true expressions of the popular will. His plans were often thwarted, nor were his judgments infallible. Often he had to choose between injecting his authority, which he disliked to do, or acquiescing in a palpably crooked result. Often his choice lay between degrees of fraud and violence. In many cases. as recently in the state of Queretaro, he had to decide against his own friends and against those of the same political faith. Had he been a Diaz he could easily have filled every public office with revolutionaries of his own stripe and paved the way for an uncontestable presidential election.

His candidate had long been Plutarco Elias Calles, Secretary of Gobernacion, without question the one man with the popular support, the strength, and the vision to carry on the almost superhuman task that Obregon has attempted. In every sense Calles was the logical candidate. But while making no secret of his preference, the President determined that the election should be free and that no official machinery should be used to help or hinder any candidacy. Calles therefore resigned his cabinet post, as did his staunchest supporters, Gasca, governor of the federal district, Morones, head of the government munition works, and others. The federal Government did not lift a finger for Calles—the anti-Calles press in Mexico City has not been able to cite a single instance of official pressure. Nevertheless De la Huerta and his following loudly raised the cry of "imposition," and when they found no popular support themselves sought to impose their candidate by the sword.

Yet good may come out of this defection. Pseudo-revolutionists have long handicapped Obregon's efforts, and while mouthing the shibboleths of the new order have shamelessly betrayed it. Many of them have now eliminated themselves. Here and there disappointed office-seekers and grudge-holders of one sort or another may attempt to profit by the situation. But despite all the disruptive forces the revolt will fail because the plain people are for Obregon, whose government has been a sincere and determined effort against incredible odds to move toward political and social democracy.

Yet a very real menace, not only for Mexico but for the United States, exists—unfortunately beyond Obregon's power to avert. It calls for the unremitting vigilance and efforts of all decent Americans. For it is not without significance that within seventy-two hours a New York paper should editorially demand a large army, declaring: "We are not prepared today for a small war, for such an unwelcome duty as intervention in Mexico, should it be forced upon us."

The Seas of Democracy

DEMOCRACY, friends, is not born of crowds, of masses of people indiscriminately hurled together. Democracy is the result of selection, of patient, discerning choice, of slow nurture, of freedom guarded and watched over. The swarming public schools in our great cities are seldom breeding-places of democracy; from above and from below democracy is too often strained out of them—regimentation, prejudice, and punishment dominate the scene. If American children are to learn the democratic spirit, if they are to believe in their own right and the right of everyone else to grow into free and creative and individual persons, if they are to respect tolerance and difference and courage, they must find them somewhere else than at the overcrowded public schools controlled by political boards rather than by educators.

Unfortunately the places where they may learn these virtues of the free citizen are rare in the whole country. A few public schools here and there have been set apart for experimental work in education; in the smaller cities the schools are often fairly free from political domination and sometimes open to liberal educational influences; in New York there are perhaps half a dozen private schools as well which in varying degrees and in different ways are trying to utilize freedom as a training for freedom, and self-expression as an educational tool. Numerically the value of these schools is insignificant; only a handful of children can be reached by their methods. Educationally their value is beyond estimate. They are the laboratories from which the educational discoveries of the future are likely to spring.

A few of the more "regular" and conservative of these institutions are well endowed and successful. Most of them, however, and especially the more advanced among them, are forced to waste precious time and energy in the mere business of keeping alive. One of the younger and most interesting of these oases of freedom is the Walden School in New York City, which is valiantly struggling toward an endowment to maintain itself during the next four years. The City and Country School, against similar odds, is performing an equally interesting and stimulatingly different piece of work. In both schools the children are treated as the friends and companions in work of their teachers, individual preferences and talents are eagerly watched for and encouraged, individual difficulties are problems to be studied not sins to be extirpated. Differences in method are the necessary incidents of a voyage of discovery over seas where most of the charts have been found misleading and thrown overboard. Those who can help these schools have a right to feel that they are helping the Columbuses of education to explore new seas.

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Germany's Political Failures

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, November 12

"WIR sind ein unpolitisches Volk"—"we are a non-political people"—once wrote Prince Bülow. No one can study the Germany of today and of the last five years without concurring in the Prince's verdict. The ineptness which permitted the maneuvering of Germany into a position of moral turpitude in 1914 did not cease with the birth of the German republic. The years that have passed, years of physical suffering and mental anguish such as only the Russians can understand and appreciate, have produced no dominant German statesmen or statesman, have brought forward no moral or spiritual or political leader, have consolidated public opinion not at all. On the contrary, with every month's slipping down into economic chaos and intellectual despair, the cleavages have become more marked, the differences more varied and more bitter. Under relentless and vindictive pressure from outside, it has not only been impossible to close ranks, but some of the worst passions and the worst elements in the community have come to the surface. With the enemy not only at the door but in the front hall, parlor, and kitchen and well on his way upstairs, it is impossible to present a united German front. It is easy to sing, as the crowd still does, "Deutschland über Alles," but to make the necessary sacrifices so that the enemy shall meet a Germany compact, indivisible, and unshakable—that appears impossible. Once more we see, as in so many other countries, the exploding of the old theory that each grave national crisis produces its master spirit, its Lincoln or its Cromwell, divinely prepared to deal with the hour. Germany is but one of many countries in which enlightened and able leadership is lacking.

Now I am well aware how urgent are the extenuating circumstances. Every act of the Allies since the war has been as if deliberately planned to hamstring, and then to destroy, the newly born democratic movement in Germany, the freeing of which from its autocratic mastership Woodrow Wilson declared to be one of our purposes in entering the war. It is not easy to develop self-government and self-control when you are suddenly called upon to take over a nation prostrate in the ruins of its autocratic government and to construct an entirely new system of national management under fire. You cannot so readily show what possibilities of successful self-government lie within you when you are hampered at every turn, when at least three-quarters of your most valuable assets in the way of national resources are stolen from you, when you are beset by dozens of foreign commissions, when you get nearly one hundred orders in one week as to how you, representing a presumably free and independent government in possession of full sovereignty, shall conduct your business. Nor is your situation improved by the presence of thousands upon thousands of foreign troops upon your soil, representing a clear-cut political purpose to dismember your country, to take from it additional stretches of territory. If under these circumstances you can retain any authority over your people, that is perhaps a noteworthy achievement.

Then, we ought surely to judge leniently the conduct of a people who for nine long years have been subjected to a nervous strain and a mental torture of the worst kind; who during at least four, if not five, of those years have daily faced the specter of famine; who are now reduced by foreign exactions and cruelties and by their mismanagement of their own currency to a point where their mental horizon is limited entirely by the questions where can they get food and how can they pay for it. Few people in modern times have been called upon to undergo such a trial by fire.

Yet, when every allowance is made, I must confess to bitter disappointment that the political incapacity of the German people continues and continues so gravely to their own hurt. I cannot find it easy to overlook or forgive the continuous factional disputes and intrigues in the Reichstag. It is not easy to forgive the placing in the Cuno cabinet of a totally inefficient finance minister (to speak politely of him) by the Centrum, and his retention there as the price of that party's support of the coalition when the Reich was in its gravest straits. One can understand the persistence of racial differences such as those which exist between Prussia and Bavaria. One can even understand in a way the fanatical, semi-religious devotion to country of the Bavarian militarists, monarchists, and nationalists, with the resultant belief that at this juncture there is no other method to save the fatherland except to impose their will upon the rest of Germany. But one cannot forgive the playing of petty party politics while the national house is burning, nor the insistence upon exploiting at this time the differing sectional points of view; one does feel that in such an emergency Communist, monarchist, Socialist, Bavarian, and the ultra-reactionary of every stripe ought to suspend their differences, postpone their quarrels, turn to in order to keep afloat their sinking ship, and uphold the hands of the constituted authority in the extraordinarily difficult negotiations with the false and lying Gallic enemy. What if those constituted authorities are not faithful to their tasks? Why, then the united pressure of the masses could and should make itself felt; at worst, the hour of accounting and reckoning would have to be postponed.

As for the ministries that have existed in Germany since the revolution of 1918, have they been true to themselves, their people, and their obligations? I have the strongest feeling that they have not. Too often there has been a lack of straightforwardness, and that still exists. When Stresemann sent his ultimatum to Bavaria at the end of October he suppressed the most important part of it from his own people. With disgusting indirection he simultaneously struck at the Bavarians over the heads of the Saxons, pulling down the government of the latter because he had had "seventeen complaints of the ill-treatment of Saxon industrialists by Communist workers." Stresemann did these things for expediency's sake and for tactical reasons. Suppression of truth is a dangerous game to play in most countries, and one may be certain that if the German people discover how the actual facts have been withheld from them those guilty will have to pay a heavy price.

But perhaps the clearest instance of the way the successive German governments have failed to keep faith with their own people appears when one remembers the solemn promises given in 1919 that immediate steps would be taken to socialize the great industries. "Die Sozialisierung ist

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da!" read great posters on all the blank walls and public buildings when I reached Berlin during the Spartacist uprising in March of that year. It was held to be the most potent and magic formula with which to calm the revolters. But nothing whatever has since been done. The mines were to be the first to be nationalized; they are still in private hands. Now, nationalization may or may not be a wise policy, but that the majority of the German people wanted it in 1919 can hardly be doubted. It was beyond dispute solemnly promised to them. What wonder if the authority of the government has failed with the masses? It has perhaps been a fortunate thing for the successive chancellors that the German people have become hourly more and more concerned about their daily bread and less and less able to concentrate upon their politics and to compare promise with performance.

As for the political ineptness of the controllers of Germany's Government, the instances of that are legion. I repeatedly asked in Berlin why the simple device of appointing an advisory finance commission of foreigners to cooperate with the German Government and to advise it in the matter of payments to the Allied governments was not adopted. Supposing a commission comprising Sir George Paish, John Maynard Keynes, Frank A. Vanderlip, Paul Warburg, a Swiss, a Dutch, and a Scandinavian financier had been appointed, and the German Government had laid all its cards on the table and been guided by the commission's advice, what a safeguard against foreign insinuation and misrepresentation that would have constituted! What a means with which to meet the demands of the Reparation Commission! The word and opinion of such men must have been accepted by the financial and commercial world as conclusive. Yet no one in Berlin appears ever to have thought of such a simple stratagem. If such a commission had certified to the honorable efforts of the Germans to pay, approved the amounts of their payments and their capacity for future deliveries, not even M. Poincaré would have dared to dispute the decisions. Instead, the Germans blundered on, producing abroad the widespread belief that they were seeking to avoid their just debts, amazing their friends when they gave Poincaré the opportunity to enter the Ruhr because of inexcusable minor defaults, and never making one clear-cut reparations offer and sticking to it through thick and thin.

Such a body of experts would moreover have aided in the handling of the German currency situation. The French have reason to say that part of the responsibility for the German financial collapse rests on Berlin because of its failure to deal properly and promptly with the currency problem. In another article I have pointed out how victory through passive resistance was thrown away because of the failure to plan for its adequate financing—another case where, whether through stupidity or shortsightedness or otherwise, the Germans were misled by those in authority. There persists a general suspicion that in some of the helter-skelter stabilizing efforts to peg the mark at this or the other figure the insiders enriched themselves. Indeed, it is rather openly charged that labor unions and some political parties have financed themselves by gambling in exchange. It is impossible to get a satisfactory answer to the question why, if it was a good thing to establish a new and sound currency on November 1 last, it would not have been a good thing to do it on February 1 last. Finally, as to the general financial situation, there is today still no adequate governmental appreciation of its desperate character or even of the exact nature of the disease. What political incapacity that spells when Germany is dying from this disease, induced and superinduced by outside pressure and malignance! There are competent experts in Germany like Dr. R. R. Kuczynski; they do not appear to be consulted. It is not too late now to call in foreign experts, but the Berlin vision is probably still not broad enough for that. I do not believe for one instant that Berlin has been deliberately dishonest as to reparations, or in the debasement of its currency; but one must admit that their political ineptness has on occasion presented matters to the world as if they were.

Again one does not feel that one is entirely unjust in believing that a resolute government would have grappled with the disorderly elements, the profiteers, the gamblers in the necessities of life, who inevitably rise to the top when there is such a complete stirring up of all the forces that constitute national life. There are base men in every country, tax evaders, men who cheat their government and enrich themselves cold-bloodedly at the expense of the unfortunate among their fellow-countrymen. But a government filled with righteous determination to combat the wrong and having some political flair would have found means of checking the excesses which Germany has witnessed along these lines—happenings that have given rise to the suspicion abroad that the Government itself has connived at a flight of capital out of the country to avoid the payment of just debts. This impression has been widely circulated by the Allies, but it is not warranted by the facts, especially when it is recalled that the German Government has repeatedly and in vain called upon the Allies and the neutral nations to compel their banks to reveal the deposits made by Germans in those institutions and countries so that it might tax them.

Again, there are the German industrialists. Today they constitute a coordinate government within the German empire. Instead of aiding Berlin to grapple with them, France has done everything it could to exalt the industrialists at the expense of Berlin by dealing directly with them, which has of course destroyed Berlin's authority over them and has encouraged them to make use of the distress of their country and the approaching starvation of the masses of their workmen, to attempt to do away with the eight-hour day and otherwise to improve their position as against that of their employees who have nothing left but to submit. During the war, according to report, these large industries were practically taken over by the Government; there certainly seems no reason why in this even greater national emergency a similar policy could not have been pursued. The fact, I fear, is that the Cuno and Stresemann governments have been governments by and for business men rather than for the whole German people.

So one leaves Germany today with a sinking heart over its political incapacity. Any people plunged into democracy so suddenly would have had reason to ask for indulgence even had there been no foreign complications. Germany was particularly handicapped. It had a huge defeated army of 6,000,000 men to demobilize while changing from monarchy to republic. It has clearly had to pay for its whole autocratic tradition and policies under which men were often excluded from administrative careers if they did not belong to certain charmed circles. It has had to pay for the whole Bismarckian policy of stifling liberalism and punishing socialists for their opinions—did he not say that he would

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"squeeze them against the wall until they *squeaked*"? It is suffering now because of generations of autocracy whose whole tendency was to make men leave everything which has to do with government and administration to the bureaucracy and thus to deprive themselves of experience in the affairs of state. Yet when all is said and done, the disappointment is there that the record of the last five years is what it is; that so proud, so self-confident, so conceited a people, so certain of their powers and their mission in the world, have made such a poor showing; that they have not even dealt adequately with their own war criminals; that they are still without the insight to understand the psychology and the points of view of other peoples; that they are not even able to convince the world of their own honesty of purpose; that they are without spiritual unity and concord; that they are cracking under pressure, albeit a wicked pressure, diabolically planned not only to destroy their country but also to destroy their reputation for integrity and their character by compelling them at the pistol's point to agree to do the impossible.

What does one see before Germany? Well, if any man of ordinarily humane and Christian instincts should let his mind dwell on what *may* happen in the next few months if England and America continue to flinch and to fail, he would not be able to sleep o' nights—that is if he had seen the situation at first hand in the Ruhr and elsewhere. One of the most terrible catastrophes in the history of mankind is under way. What if that could be staved off? Well, even if the French could overnight be remanded to sanity, charity, and ordinary human decency, the Germans would still have before them the Slough of Despond. They will, I fear, have to go down far in suffering, misery, and disaster. It looks now as if they would have to take their dose of a dictatorship of the right and a dictatorship of the proletariat. It looks as if there must needs be years of convulsion, disorder, and civil strife before the new birth comes—a new birth which could have been brought about so easily had the good intentions and the financial ability of the Germans in 1919 been met by Christian fellowship and good-will on the part of the Allies.

The responsibility for the deaths of millions of Europeans rests in large measure with the rulers of Austria and Germany in 1914. The responsibility in this hour for the impending death by slow starvation of millions of German men, women, and children will rest in first line upon the French. Upon their heads will be the blood of the innocent. For that blood they will yet pay a terrible price unless all history is a lie.

These United States—XLIII*

WASHINGTON: The Dawn of a Tomorrow

By ROBERT WHITAKER

MY predecessor in the pastorate at Seattle thirty-five years ago, a typical Titan of the frontier, was never weary of demonstrating that the Puget Sound country is not the Northwest corner of the United States. Seattle, he insisted, is considerably nearer New York City on the east than to the farthest extension of Alaska on the west. Washington State is the doorway, and the only doorway to more than one-sixth of the total continental area of the United States.

One can hardly say of Alaska now what might have been said truthfully thirty-five years ago, it hasn't been scratched yet. It has been scratched, and with wonderful results. What those results have been in Alaska and in the world at large does not concern us here. What they were for the State of Washington would take many paragraphs to tell. It is enough to say that Washington's hour of greatest advance followed hard upon the golden dawn of Alaska's Klondike discovery. It was but a dawn, with a bit of dull gray morning following. But the day of Alaska has yet to come, and that day must mean more to Washington than any flurry of such ephemeral prosperity as a gold rush brings.

The doorway to Alaska, and to all the coast of North America which lies between Puget Sound and Alaska, that is the State of Washington. What is of more consequence to Washington's future is that Puget Sound is the doorway to Asia as well. Asia, indeed, confronts our whole West Coast. But it is characteristic of the land mass on both sides of the Pacific that the shores approach each other toward the north, and recede rapidly from each other on the south. This, with the shorter arc of earth curvature as one goes northward brings the ports on Puget Sound several days' sailing nearer those of China and Japan than are the ports of California. The volume of commerce which passes now from Puget Sound to the Orient is many times in excess of that of all our harbors which lie farther south combined.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who said, with dramatic conciseness: "The Mediterranean Era died with the discovery of America; the Atlantic Era has reached the height of its development; the Pacific Era, destined to be the greatest, is just at its dawn." One need not agree with the negative phases of this epitome of world history to appreciate the promise of the Pacific. And Puget Sound is the most remarkable of its inland seas. In area and contour, accessibility and security at all seasons of the year, scenic variety and beauty, in the healthfulness and invigorating quality of its climate, and the wealth of sea food to be found in it and adjacent to it Puget Sound will bear comparison with any inland sea on the earth. It is no idle dream that its shores will some day be the dwelling-place of many millions of people.

The State of Washington might claim much of promise from the world carriers of tomorrow if it had no wealth of its own to offer. But of such wealth, present and prospective, there is no lack. Consider what we may call primeval wealth, that which was there before man ever saw the land, the treasure of the great woods and the treasure of the great waters. There is no need to conjecture what only yesterday were those primitive conditions, nor to waste tears on man's extravagant misuse of the resources he found. Sickening as is the desolation of the forests where imme-

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diate profit has dominated the white man's devastation of them, the area of Washington State still exhibits a wealth of standing timber which cannot be stated in terms easily grasped. Half the timber of the United States today is on the slopes of the Cascades, the Coast Range, and the Olympics of Oregon and Washington, the Bitterroots and Rockies of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. Washington itself is exceeded only by Oregon in its share of this vast bounty of nature, and today leads all other States in lumber production. Five and a half billion board feet of lumber a year are the product of her three hundred logging camps and eight hundred sawmills. Four hundred thousand houses a year in the United States have but a few months previous been standing timber in Washington.

Fishing in the Pacific Northwest is an industry with an output of eighty-five million dollars a year. The business exceeds that of the east coast of the British Islands and New England combined. Washington handles not only her own great product, but the vast volume of fish which comes down from the north. This wealth of wood and water, which man did nothing to create until very recently and which he has most miserably failed to conserve, would in and of itself give Washington a considerable place in the commerce of the world.

But there is the potential wealth of the State to be considered, in particular the magic "white coal," which is to transform the earth, is transforming it today. One thinks of Niagara naturally with the mention of hydro-electric power. The potential capacity of the Niagara Basin is said to be six million horse-power. The Colorado Basin surpasses this expectancy by a million horse-power. On the authority of Eastern experts the potential hydro-electric power of the Columbia River Basin, which lies largely within Washington, is twenty-one million horse-power.

And besides this primeval and potential endowment lavished on the land there is what we may call the provisional wealth, the grains, live stock, and fruits upon which man has so learned to depend. You may travel for hundreds of miles within the State far from the haunts of the salmon, throughout what is fittingly known as The Inland Empire, where the all but treeless land is an ocean of billowy grain at harvest time. Even the eye accustomed to the vast wheat fields of the Mississippi Valley marvels at the illimitable vista of soft-hued grain. The dairying interests are especially favored over large areas of the State by a rainfall that does not fail them in summer. Poultry raising prospers peculiarly in that climate and is carried on with a scientific efficiency and success second to that of no other portion of the land. Washington is the greatest apple-raising section of the earth, is made for berries as naturally as its streams are made for fish, and under right economic conditions could produce fruit enough to feed a continent.

A healthful climate is everywhere recognized today as a prime factor in the building up of a country's population. So also we are beginning to understand the value of scenic beauty. Let another free from the habitant's bias speak of what Washington offers the seeker after health and natural loveliness. In "The Conquest of Consumption," Dr. Woods Hutchinson writes:

> When once we cross the summit of the Cascades we enter a totally different climate, an air which is mild, gentle, and moist, but never depressing; a country of green mountains, dazzling snow-tipped peaks, of grass, of moss and fern, which knows neither the barrenness of winter nor the brownness of summer, a land which has all the best and most invigorating qualities of the cradle of our Teutonic race, with none of its extremes. From one end to the other it is the land of tall trees and tall men, of the apple, the peach, the prune, and the pine; the land of the green valley and the rushing river. The rosy pink of its orchards every spring is equaled only by the sunset glow upon its peaks of eternal snow. It is the charmed land of the American continent, where a temperate sun, a mild climate, and a fertile soil give man the stimulus of the green and rain-swept North, with the luxurious returns for moderate effort of the teeming tropics. . . . If you have never seen Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia in summer, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like.

That world traveler and generous commentator on America, the late Viscount Bryce, has written:

> Neither Europe nor Asia nor South America has a prospect in which sea and woods and snow mountains are so united in a landscape as in the view from Puget Sound of the great peaks that rise like white towers above the dark green forests of the Cascades.

If these testimonies seem to stress unduly the region of Puget Sound it is not for lack of loveliness to praise in other sections of the State. For mingled grandeur and beauty I have seen nothing on the Pacific Coast which surpasses the view one gets under favorable conditions in going up the canyon of the Columbia River, from the fords fifty miles below Wenatchee to the hills and gorges north of that city. The somber severity of the lower canyon, with its bald, massive cliffs all but bare of vegetation, is in striking contrast with the wealth of apple orchards and vine-clad hillsides where the valley broadens at the confluence of the Wenatchee with the greater Columbia. The mountains are there also, towering to greater heights by far, with their sharply silhouetted crests melting into the sunset skies till lost in a golden haze where cloud and crest are indistinguishable. And there are other sections and scenes a plenty of which one might write with no less enthusiasm.

Yet with all this Washington State is neither truly prosperous nor contented. In common with all the agricultural States Washington is hard hit at present by the general paralysis of the producers' markets. It avails Washington little that her grain yield is so generous when the price for grain is so inadequate. She fares better perhaps with her live-stock and subsidiary interests, but the same general condition prevails. Her precedence as the foremost apple-producing section of the world is but a mockery to the men who ship great cargoes of the finest fruit to the market, only to find themselves actually out of pocket when the freight charges are paid. Her very plenty is her poverty when that plenty lies rotting upon the ground because it is the day of the profiteer and the parasite in America just now instead of the day of the producer.

Likewise the very magnitude of her potential wealth, her undeveloped water-power, makes for her difficulty in realizing upon it. If it were less, the private corporation might be sufficient for it, or the State itself might assume the burden of bringing the water to the magic wheels. But so vast is the undertaking that we shall have learned a much larger measure of cooperation than anything we have yet realized before the stupendous task is done. Washington's history shows an unusual degree of devotion to the cooperative ideal. Her experiments have been many on this line, and the spirit of solidarity has wrought to more effect there in the Northwest than most of the people can either

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believe or understand. The things which have been reckoned her calamity and disgrace are really large with promise. But meanwhile there are vast areas of desolation where there should be enjoyment and fruitfulness because in common with all America Washington waits for the practical values of brotherhood among the masses of mankind to make themselves understood.

Within half a dozen years Washington State has seen two massacres in connection with her lumber industry. Amid the eternal grandeur of the snow-clad giants the spruces stand, tall, cool, and silent. But the tension of the fevered pigmies at their feet is ever at the fighting-point.

Seven men were shot to death on a beautiful Sunday morning in November, 1916, when a company of two hundred and fifty I.W.W. went from Seattle to Everett to the help of their comrades who were waging a free-speech fight there. It is possible that the fatalities were more, some bodies being swept overboard from the ship Verona in the terrible fusillade which was directed against it by those who had said that the workers should not land. Many others were sorely wounded. High-handed measures had been used against the workers for months, and barbarities endured by them which were provocative to the last degree. The men who represented property there and who were responsible for the unlawful interference with the right of the workers and their comrades to land were not officially molested for the part they had in the massacre. On the other hand the workers, who had suffered by far the heavier mortality and the more serious injuries, were swept wholesale into jail and every effort was made to hold them there for life, or hang them as the aggressors in the affair. The trial, carried on at length in Seattle with the financial backing of the lumber interests against the accused, resulted in the complete acquittal of the workers.

In Centralia on Armistice Day in 1919 there was likewise loss of life on both sides, and if the heavier loss on this occasion fell upon the champions of law and order they made the balance more than even in the unspeakable barbarity of their vengeance following. This time a conviction was secured of part of the workers placed under arrest, the arrests being again altogether from the ranks of the workers. The judge who tried the case had already made public oration against the workers. The evidence to prove prior conspiracy upon the part of the accusers he ruled out of court. Soldiers surrounded the courtroom and paraded their uniforms before the jurors. Intimidation was there to the fullest possible measure short of open violence or formal demand for a verdict of guilty on the part of an armed force. Nevertheless only a part of those under trial were condemned, the verdict, second-degree murder, being absurdly inconsistent with the circumstances of the massacre if the accused or their comrades were the aggressors. Even this compromise verdict was accompanied by an appeal from the jury to the judge for clemency, and since that time no less than five of the twelve jurors have made open affidavit that the verdict was not according to the evidence but was wrung from the jury through fear. Add to this that an extra-legal jury composed of representative labor men sent there by conservative labor bodies unanimously acquitted all the accused in their verdict. Four years later the men who are serving terms at Walla Walla, their requests for a new trial refused without show of reason or right, may think themselves forgotten, but their fate is a constant fertilizer of the ever-thickening growth of labor solidarity.

One need not resort to labor pamphlets to discover what the deeper rootage of this labor solidarity is. Here is a passage from an eminently respectable and conservative journal of California, *Sunset* magazine, under date of February, 1917:

> Shingle-weaving is not a trade, it is a battle. For ten hours a day the sawyer faces two teethed steel disks whirling around two hundred times a minute. To the one on the left he feeds the heavy blocks of cedar, reaching over with his left hand to remove the heavy shingles it rips off. . . . Hour after hour the shingle-weaver's hands and arms, plain, unarmored flesh and blood, are staked against the screeching steel that cares not what it severs. Hour after hour the steel sings its crescendo note as it bites into the wood, the sawdust thickens, the wet sponge under the sawyer's nose fills with fine particles. If "cedar asthma," the shingle-weaver's occupational disease, does not get him, the steel will. Sooner or later he reaches over a little too far, the whirling blade tosses drops of deep red into the air, a finger, a hand, or part of an arm comes sliding down the slick chute.

To this vivid presentation of the price at which the lumber profits in Washington have been made should be added at least mention of the revolting, body- and soul-destroying conditions which prevailed in the lumber camps till the I.W.W. forced some decency there. Out of such travail was born the militant solidarity of the shingle-weavers' union and later the compact and effective resistance of the Washington I.W.W.

It was a new-found sense of union that brought about that surprising coordination of the working forces of Seattle which produced what is still known as the Seattle Revolution. A "revolution" in the sense of intending any bodily harm to anybody it was not. The actual conduct of it was as orderly as a Quaker Quarterly Meeting. It was revolutionary only in the sense that it revealed to a startled public, including the workers themselves, the unrealized dependence of a modern community upon the least and poorest of the workers, and showed what the economic power of the workers means once they move and act with a common purpose.

The origin of the Seattle general strike at the beginning of 1919, otherwise described as the Seattle Revolution, was simple enough. Workers' solidarity had been necessary during the period of the war, had been profitable to the employers, and had been encouraged by them. Consequently the labor unions grew extraordinarily in numbers and power. Then came the cessation of hostilities, the beginnings of "retrenchment" with the "deflation" of the wages of the shipyard workers, the interference of red tape at Washington, D. C., which it is claimed stalled successful settlement of the matter in Seattle, and then the walkout of the workers of the city in common protest. The like of it had never happened in America before, and is not likely to happen again soon. It was as when the son of an overbearing father learns for the first time that he can throw his father, and fears to use his new-found power until he is ready to go his own way. Seattle labor was not ready to cut loose from the capitalist organization of society, had not dreamed of it, and had not the remotest thought of challenging the State. It has no such dream today. Spirit there is in Washington labor, and unity beyond that which is common. The Northwest has been made by men who have had to stand up to nature, and therefore are not afraid to stand up to each other. More dirt has been moved in the making of Seattle itself than anywhere else on the Ameri-

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can continent except at the Panama Canal. They know how to resist there. But resistance is not revolution. The workers of Seattle were overwhelmed with confusion at their own success, but made an orderly retreat back to their jobs.

It was the supreme opportunity of the owning and governing classes in America if they had possessed either the intelligence or public spirit to meet it. As it was they made a god of one of the cheapest demagogues who has ever disgraced the mayoralty of a great city, a man who had fawned and cringed to the workers until the logic of their own success compelled them to draw back and he could rush in and make great ado about the suppressing of a revolution which had never been. But the weakness and the disgrace of it, as the hurt of it, was more theirs, the responsible leaders of business and culture in Seattle, that they could avail themselves of such paltry subterfuge and display. If there is any possibility of understanding between labor and capital it was theirs then, and they might have done the capitalists of all America a service. Instead there were pyrotechnics in the press and on the platform, and a vengeance upon a foe which had voluntarily dispersed scared of its own strength, such vengeance as reacted quickly to the undoing of their own interests and particularly to the punishment of the small business man.

The emphatic quality of Washington State is its adaptability to the purposes of creative labor. The climate is a worker's, not an idler's climate. The land is no parasite's paradise; it is a treasure house that waits upon free, untrammeled labor to bring forth its resources. "The summer playground of the American continent" it may deserve to be. But its summer is short, and its merits are not of the few weeks only in which men rest and play, but rather of the whole working year. The dawn of a tomorrow is upon the woods and the waters, the fruit-fields and the grain-fields of Washington, a tomorrow which can only come to the great commonwealth of the Northwest with that better social order in which the workers shall enter into their own.

The Kennels of New York

By VICTOR H. LAWN

THE United States, leader in number of automobiles per capita, wealth per capita, and other things that do not matter much, continues to permit all the countries of Europe to increase their lead in essential matters of politics and economics. Particularly pertinent at this time is the housing situation. So far, the United States has the most nearly unblemished record of inactivity in the matter of housing for workingmen of any civilized country. Tax exemption in a few States, the Homestead Commission of Massachusetts, the utterly inhuman mill towns of New England and the steel and mining towns of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Colorado, and others, and the aborted beginnings of the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the war constitute the few insignificant efforts in this country. Nowhere has there been an intelligent attempt to face the problem. Nowhere has there been a courageous assault upon the Swiss guard of Profit. Nowhere has it been made plain that good housing for the workers at a fair rent may be inconsistent with a return upon investment, and that economic security is sometimes inconsistent with profits.

It is natural, therefore, that students of the housing problem should be watching with interest the meditations and the tribulations of the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning appointed by Governor Smith of New York. This body has held hearings throughout the State, and in New York City alone the testimony filled 1,205 pages of the stenographic record, with an additional jammed portfolio of exhibits, reports, and tabulations.

Seven men and one woman are on this housing commission. It was not long before they realized not merely that there is a housing shortage today fully as acute as at any other time in the State's history, but also that this shortage is only a superficial manifestation of the tragedy of poverty on the one hand and the utter callousness of profiteers on the other. Before these two fundamental propositions this committee, without question one of the most intelligent, most responsive, most comprehending committees in the history of the State, is practically helpless.

The commission knows what it can do. It can suggest municipal and state building operations or a subsidy to private builders. It can also suggest cooperative building hedged about with legal protections for the tenant-owners. These plans were advanced during the hearings. There is no question that relief would result from either scheme, although municipal home-building is the most logical. But the commission knows equally well that the great forces of profit-makers will not for a moment consider striking their colors even to ease the stringency of a situation filled with dangers not only to the mass of people, but ultimately to themselves. During the hearings the impudent refusal of "Wall Street" to turn a hand was testified to by bankers and builders and the avarice of a group of landlord-owners was emphasized.

For the student of sociology and economics there is no better textbook, no more human document, than the record of the hearings before the commission. I had just been reading "Pelle the Conqueror," an epic of poverty in Europe, and I had consoled myself with the thought, "Well, no matter how bad things are here they are not as bad as that—besides, Pelle lived forty years ago." That comfort I no longer have. Here are a few instances picked at random from the record:

> There has been a decrease in the wages in the tobacco factories. They are paying the lowest wages in years. . . . A woman came in the other day—had a husband who was earning $20 as a cigarmaker. She is paying $40 a month rent for rooms that used to rent at $15 a few years ago. You see that is a perfectly disproportionate rent, and she has been obliged to go to work. They have two children and she wanted to leave them in our day nursery. But so many mothers are going to work now that we think a long time before we take any woman in a nursery whose husband is making more than $20 a week.

And to counterbalance this is the testimony of a real-estate operator that before the war landlords were earning about 4 per cent on their property and that now they are not content with 8 and 10 per cent.

"Pelle the Conqueror" contains vivid paragraphs describing the stenches and the primitive sanitary conditions in The Ark, a notoriously decrepit home for the very poorest

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in Copenhagen. The following paragraphs describe different houses in New York City in October, 1923:

Another house on Twenty-ninth Street, a six-family house, toilet in the yard, and when the toilet is flushed they have no water in the house. They have no improvements.

Mrs. K. lived in an apartment where the chief amusement of the two younger children was to crawl through the holes in the walls. In this house the water supply is always uncertain, and there is never enough water to flush the toilets. The woman on the top floor carried water up three flights for this purpose.

After listening to a week's testimony of this nature it seemed that every other house in New York was an Ark.

The most serious feature of the situation is the effect upon the children of living crowded into unsanitary kennels. Health commissioners and settlement workers had told of malnutrition among children, but it remained for a little East Side woman, Mrs. Edith B. Coff, to make real and vivid the conditions that exist:

Out of about 400 children 102 were so distinctly underweight that on examination we found most of them were underweight somewhere between five and seventeen pounds. Their ages were between five and twelve years. If a child was six or seven pounds underweight we would do nothing. It was the normal size or weight for an East Side child now. . . . I found that the cause of the children's condition was the housing condition foremost. We find that the children do not sleep. The usual family consists of five or six persons. There are no doors. There is no privacy. The gas is burning until 12 or 1 o'clock, especially if there is a baby. Everyone is talking. Everyone is walking. The street is noisy and the child does not fall asleep until 12 and half-past 12 and 1.

I have tried to go up time and again and help put a child to sleep and then I knew how little really I could expect the mother, who has three or four other children, to put that child to sleep at eight o'clock. The father sits up and smokes a cigar and talks with the neighbor and the child screams. There is no air. They sleep there, four in the back bedroom, with one window. They sleep three or four together and they are naturally restless.

When they get up in the morning they are not able to eat their breakfast. They did not sleep. They did not have any air. They get up tired and nervous and disturbed, and when they get up they do not have their breakfast. They go to school, come home, have a little something to eat, and then the same story begins all over again.

A few hours after this testimony had been given a witness for the landlords said: "All this talk about the poor people has nothing to do with the housing situation. You've always got your poor people, high rents or low."

On the other side of the housing situation is the statement, frequently reiterated, that with the present high cost of building and the premium exacted by banks for lending mortgage money the speculative builder cannot rent for less than $15 a room and make any profit on new homes. Nor can the small homeseeker get money to build his own home in the suburbs, thus relieving the congestion and the excess demand on homes occupied by the poorer workers. Charles O'Connor Hennessy, president of the Franklin Society for Homebuilding and Savings, laid the blame for "tight money" directly to the financial institutions.

"The savings banks," he said, "do not as a rule lend a dollar to any small homeseeker for construction purposes, that is to say for the building of houses, and until very recently it was true that the savings banks of the city did not encourage applications from homeseekers upon completed houses for small loans."

Mr. Hennessy also blamed the Wall Street houses for not investing in the bonds of the Land Bank, a State institution similar to the Federal Land Bank. The Land Bank was authorized in 1915 and was the forerunner of the Federal Reserve Bank as well as of the farm loan system. It was intended that through this Land Bank funds would be made available on easy terms for homeseekers of New York State to build or to buy. It is composed of savings and loan associations with resources of $70,000,000. But first the war prevented the Land Bank from functioning properly and since 1918 the trust companies and banks have refused to buy their 5 per cent bonds. David B. Hutton, managing director of the Land Bank, told the commission he had been with his hat in his hand to the big banks and financial institutions, but they would not buy his bonds.

Faced with this situation, what does the future hold? The housing commission will, of course, recommend extension of the emergency rent laws for two years. It will recommend that the laws apply to tax-exempt houses, now outside the jurisdiction of the housing bills. It will probably recommend that tenants be given the benefit of any doubt that exists in the minds of judge or jury; that the landlord be shorn of special privileges such as eviction, and that he be limited in his redress to the same measures of equity that apply to the butcher, the baker, and other tradesmen. It will recommend minor changes and probably the abolition of the tax exemption on new buildings.

But the commission will probably go further. It is almost certain to recommend that cities be compelled to invest a certain amount of their sinking funds in the Land Bank. In this way city funds will be made available to residents for home building. This much will exhaust the program which the housing commission will hope to push through the legislature. But the commission will hardly content itself with this "immediate program." The report should and doubtless will include a suggestion for municipal housing activity on a large scale. This is the only way out. It may seem revolutionary now. But the present innocuous New York laws were denounced as "socialistic" two years ago. After a year or two of quiet education municipal housing will be accepted as the proper thing and legislation will be forthcoming.

Ghosts

By BYRNE MARCONNIER

Bremerton—Bremerton—long, long ago:
A gray house in Bremerton and white, white snow.
The blue of the water and the blue of the sky—
And Bremerton shall have my heart until I die.

The little port of Bremerton's a land-locked place,
Set about with green trees and ferns like lace.
The birds fly low in Bremerton, and East and West
The weary ships to Bremerton creep in for rest.

There's clover at the threshold, and rue beside the walk;
And in the grass the muttering of banshee talk.
No candles at the window—no laughter through the trees—
Black mustard in the garden, but no heartsease.

Bremerton—Bremerton—long, long ago:
A gray house in Bremerton and white, white snow.
The blue of the water and the blue of the sky—
And Bremerton shall have my heart until I die.

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The Progressives Progress

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IN the House of Representatives at this writing the "progressives" seem to have made much more progress than in the Senate. The chances seem to be—at this writing—that there may be a considerable revival of the prominence and also indeed of the importance of the House of Representatives during this session of Congress.

Part of the reason for this development is as follows:

In the House the "progressive group" has a firm and highly disciplined nucleus in the ten Republican members from Wisconsin who are so securely established—for the most part—in their districts at home that they can readily afford to bid defiance to all ideas of national Republican "regularity."

In the Senate there is no such nucleus for the "progressive group." In the Senate Wisconsin itself is one-half "progressive," if the word "progressive" is used in its current technical Washington sense. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin does not belong to the "progressive group." Senator La Follette of Wisconsin does indeed belong to it and was its organizer. His amazing control of popular support in Wisconsin has been one of the chief factors in giving to the House of Representatives a Wisconsin delegation in which, barring Mr. Berger of Milwaukee, every member is a "progressive" and a belligerent "progressive." La Follette has insured to this session of the House of Representatives a continuous lively "progressive" disturbance. In his own division of the Congress, however, he has not been so successful, and he could not be.

He himself at this writing is still physically unable to attend the sessions of the Senate, and although it is authoritatively reported that his health is now improving it is regarded as unlikely that he will be able in the Senate to carry the burden of his own work and then also to give to the "progressive group" the discipline which it needs.

The House "progressives" are led by Congressman Nelson of Wisconsin, a hard-bitten wary fighting veteran, who has been in politics since 1892 and who at the end of eight terms of service in the House of Representatives retains an unexhausted enthusiasm and energy on behalf of his original and unrevised variety of "progressivism." He was reelected to this present Congress by a vote of four to one.

He is assisted in the management of the "progressive group" in the House by Congressman Woodruff of Michigan, who serves the "progressive group" as its secretary. Nelson has been known for a rather anti-war attitude. Woodruff served as an enlisted man in the Spanish-American War; and then in the World War he served two years as an infantryman and rose to the rank of major in the course of duty in France. He is as inflexible a "progressive" as Nelson. He is also equally strong in his district. He was elected to the last Congress by a majority of 30,000 and he was reelected to this Congress without opposition. He is suave in manner, buoyant in action, hopeful of the future.

If the "progressives" in the House were able to win their first skirmish and to hold together against Gillett for Speaker until Floor Leader Longworth of the Republicans came forward with his peace plan for an harmonious revision of the House rules, it was because the Wisconsin delegation and the leadership furnished by Nelson and Woodruff had aggressive experienced skilfulness in Washington and assured strength back home.

In the Senate the situation is immensely more difficult for the "progressive group." With La Follette temporarily absent the leadership of the "progressive group" in the Senate devolved with greater weight than ever upon Senator Norris of Nebraska, who is in any case its leader by title. Senator Norris, however, is about to retire from senatorial politics. He no longer enjoys the senatorial political struggle. He regards it as water in a sieve, as dust in the mouth, as a stone rolled up hill only to roll itself down.

It accordingly happened that a good deal of the leadership of the "progressive group" in the Senate devolved then upon Senator Brookhart of Iowa. The problem was, and is, one of organizing the Republican members of the senatorial "progressive group" in such a way as to enable them to form a sort of "third party" in between the regular Republicans and the Democrats. The Republican majority in the Senate is so slender that if four "progressive" Republicans act independently of it the result is that it thereupon ceases to be a majority.

It turned out that the number of Republicans willing to attend the meetings of the "progressive group" in the Senate was not much more than four.

Senator Capper of Kansas, who joined the "progressive group" last spring, was not observed attending its meetings this fall. Nor was Senator McNary of Oregon. The Senators attending were Norris of Nebraska, Borah of Idaho, Brookhart of Iowa, and Ladd and Frazier of North Dakota. Borah of Idaho was sometimes diverted from attendance by other duties. The Republican element of the "progressive group" was in such circumstances reduced in its active meetings to a membership literally and exactly of four.

Of these four Norris is experienced but about to go away; Ladd has been here only half a term; Brookhart has been here a year; Frazier has been here only a few days.

It further happens that Brookhart and Ladd and Frazier naturally have not yet been able to build up in their own States any such political security as exists in Wisconsin for Nelson or in Michigan for Woodruff.

When these facts are observed with a regardful and a cold eye, they indicate that skilful and experienced and aggressive maneuvers by the "progressives" in the Senate will inevitably be likely to be less frequent and less effective than by the "progressives" in the House. That is the logic, though of course not necessarily the outcome, of the situation. There is always the chance that logic may be overcome by some outburst of defiant human impulse.

It happens further that the first domestic questions of importance which seem likely to come to a head in Congress are the questions of taxes and of the bonus. Both these questions will have their first battlefield in the House.

The House "progressive group" will try to present, and will perhaps succeed in presenting, a solid front both to the tax problem and to the bonus problem. It is strongly disposed toward favoring the bonus and it is strongly disposed toward refusing to give to taxpayers in the "upper brackets" the reductions which Mr. Mellon asks for them.

On the bonus accordingly and on the Mellon taxation plan the "progressive group" in the House will have a head-on collision with the Administration; and then, in company with the Democrats, it will give Washington—as things now seem—its first great legislative combat of the season.

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In the Driftway

THE press has been buzzing with the story of a Jersey miss who has been left a fortune by an old man she had befriended in time of illness. That the young lady had believed her benefactor to be a penniless old man in need of human cheer should not prejudice the world except in her favor. Well, it's a pretty story, and makes excellent material for eloquent press writers, but the Drifter has no violets to throw at the young lady's feet. The thing that bothers him is the leaving of legacies under any circumstances. Somehow it doesn't strike him as a particularly fair way of allotting worldly accretion. Did the young lady really earn this money? One soberly questions it, while as soberly doubting whether, placed in the young woman's position, one would be beset by such ethical qualms and questionings.

* * * * *

AS for the Drifter he has some doubts. He can even fancy himself reaching for his hat and starting off on an immediate quest for ailing old citizens with fortunes tucked away in some convenient bed-tick. And until he finds one, anybody at all is at liberty to call his bluff and try him out on this slightly uncertain economic theory. Meanwhile, his favorite inheritance story happened in Brittany. He was walking without much aim or direction through that delightful country, as different from the rest of France as black from white. About half way between Penmarch and Pont-l'Abbé a little side road, overgrown and green, took his fancy, and pursuing it for half a mile or so he came upon a house, part brick and part stone, with a fine sixteenth-century flavor and less like the conventional chateau than an English Georgian dwelling. In front of it a man in sad-looking trousers and shirt and a superb Gallic mustache was industriously raking leaves. He did not look up as the Drifter stopped to read the sign in front of the door: "Museum of Breton Antiquities." The Drifter entered, observed the ancient Celtic pottery and stone tagged with bits of paper much the worse for wear and no dusting, and engaged the buxom housekeeper in conversation. The museum, he learned, was a celebrated one; a fine scholar had collected the specimens, among them many Druid relics, and had had besides an unusual library. At his death it had gone to his son. The Drifter naturally put the question. "The son? Ah, to be sure, monsieur; outside; you must have passed him as you came in. He cares nothing for these things; he lives the life of a simple peasant; he will be no scholar, no, not he." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Non-Sectarian Student Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for November 14 appeared an article, Student Pogroms in Europe, which said that relief organizations in Europe discriminated against Jewish students. This unfortunately led college students here to believe that the work of the European Student Relief was not administering impartially. May we correct this impression by bringing to your attention one of the fundamental principles which characterizes the work of this organization, that "relief is to be administered impartially, without regard to race, nationality, or creed or any other criterion than proven need." We are inclosing proof of the work of the organization among Jewish students.

New York, November 17 HELEN OGDEN,
Executive Secretary, Student Friendship Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was farthest from my thought to imply that an international organization such as the European Student Relief discriminated against the Jews. In fact, I looked into the work of the E.S.R. at a number of Central European university centers and found the attitude of the organization and the men in charge thoroughly impartial, and this observation was confirmed by the local Jewish students. I did say—and this the E.S.R. might meditate upon—that the national relief organizations of the students themselves, Polish, German, Austrian, etc., were, with few exceptions, hostile to the Jewish students. And wherever I found the E.S.R. (who perhaps could not do otherwise) operating through the local national student bodies, as in Warsaw, Lemberg, Cracow, Bratislava, I found—quite unknown to the E.S.R. administrators—the Jewish student discriminated against or altogether overlooked in the distribution of books, clothing, food, etc. In one case, an announcement of a distribution of books, sent by the E.S.R. to the university authorities in Warsaw, to be transmitted by them to the various student societies, was never brought to the attention of the Jewish society. Without attaching the slightest discredit to the E.S.R., and recognizing its absolute impartiality, I have come to the conclusion that due to the intense racial hatreds in this Central European area the best way to administer Jewish student relief is through a Jewish organization. MARVIN LOWENTHAL

New York, November 24

Christmas in Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we beg you to add this appeal for funds to your list? The Workers Prison Relief Committee has launched its third Christmas appeal for funds in order to send cake, fruit, candy, tobacco, etc., to our fellow-workers behind the bars. At Christmas time the harsh prison rules are relaxed somewhat to allow such delicacies to be sent in to them. Donations may be sent to 70 Auburn Street, Paterson, N. J.

Paterson, December 4 WORKERS PRISON RELIEF COMMITTEE

Mahatma Gandhi and Jesus of Nazareth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a commentary on Mr. Villard's fine article anent passive resistance in the Ruhr, which the press of the world has wrongly represented as having been defeated by armed force, will you give space to these illuminating observations from Mahatma Gandhi?

I believe in the doctrine of non-violence as a weapon, not of the weak, but of the strong. I believe that that man is the strongest soldier who dies unarmed with his breast bare before the enemy. I want India to practice non-violence because of her strength and power. . . .

The raison d'etre of the Gandhi method is summed up in these words of the man who is leading hundreds of millions in the world today, to practice the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth—for, as one of the younger Indians put it recently, non-cooperation has gone beyond the boundaries of our country and is the property of the world:

Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute and he knows no law but that of physical force. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law, the strength of the spirit.

New York, November 26 BLANCHE WATSON

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Picasso on Fifth

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

YOUNG ladies, select and fashionable, in boarding-school assortments, were taken to see them. Cultured young men were seen to faint with delight. Ladies of uncertain age struck attitudes giving one to understand that they felt—inexpressible things. And this because sixteen Picasso paintings and pastels were shown on upper Fifth Avenue in a once elaborate mansion now become an art dealer's paradise. Far, far is this from the days when Señor Pablo Picasso was first introduced in New York, in April of 1911. Strangely enough that first appearance was on Fifth Avenue, too, at the same place where Cézanne, Rodin's water-color drawings, Toulouse-Lautrec, Brancusi, Matisse, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Arthur Dove, and a host of others were first exhibited in America. It was not then in the 700's, the upper fifties of Fifth Avenue, but at 291, home of the Photo-Secession, that this pioneering took place. Amid what a hubbub the archives of *Camera Work* will tell.

"The results suggest the most violent wards of an asylum for maniacs, the craziest emanations of a disordered mind, the gibberings of a lunatic!" wrote one enthusiastic newspaper critic. Another gentleman of the press, who was sensitive to Picasso's beautiful draftsmanship, described the work exhibited as "childish wooden images, Alaskan totem poles, and gargoyles smeared with green paint, or weird geometrical jumbles." Another wrote of the "hideous assemblage" that the Spanish painter was presenting, "semblances of human heads covered with green hair and figures which have hexagonal legs." Some scribes were cautious—and respectful. Since then many drops of water have fallen from the sky and rolled under many bridges. The International Exhibition at the Armory brought more Picasso. Two years ago several Picassos were shown at the Sculptors Gallery in Fortieth Street. Last spring Picasso was triumphantly uncovered, if not discovered, in the studio of Mrs. Whitney. And now fame, select boarding-school misses, and the hush of upper Fifth Avenue with soft carpets.

Señor Picasso has again cut loose. His boldness and freedom delight his admirers and disconcert everybody. Two years ago he had enormous figures of women, painted with the calmness of Egyptian sculpture. They seemed hewn in impalpable stone, heavy and brooding and serene, issued from a giant imagination. That period was represented in the pastels and a painting among those recently shown. But Picasso has found a new lyric style, again proving that he has no formula, that he can paint in almost any manner and yet create his own song. Two paintings—rather drawings in paint—seem to herald the new manner, which begins in 1922 and runs through 1923. In these two paint-drawings, named Maternité, an iridescence of color, green and flesh, is lightly painted and on this are drawn the songlike contours of a mother and child. The lines themselves, delineating leaves in one of them, are songs. Color and line seem like separate melodies interwoven in counterpoint. One of the drawings is on canvas, whitened. White has moved Picasso powerfully. He applies it direct in these paintings, marvelously tinted for tones of white skin mantling with blood; or flat and thin, showing the texture of the canvas; or rich, heavy, and brilliant, for high white light. The line drawing in paint, of the two named Maternité, is elaborated and varied in the other canvases. A Saltimbanque, or seated acrobat, in bright red tights, black trunks, with deep purple chair seat, is outlined in black, the face brilliant white, and a white cloth is thrown about the neck and shoulders. The drawing is lean, delicate, and strong.

In all of the canvases the resources are amazingly varied. Picasso models arms and legs from bare canvas, through the lightest brushing to rich strong paint surface. The surface is lovely irrespective of subject, and seems playing against and with the drawing. A harlequin's head is painted in fine pencil strokes against white broadly brushed, and the figure is white, flat white, contours lightly drawn. A woman's figure in a blue gown is modulated by etching-like scratches in the paint. In Femme au Turban a brilliant deep blue head covering tops a brilliant red waist, with brilliant white upon the arms, and a clash of green and violet in the dress. This figure, like the harlequin's, rises with the thrust of a pillar, savagely strong and sure. To Egypt is added the spareness and delicate serenity of Greece, and still it is Picasso.

Part of its acclaim, doubtless, came to this exhibition because visitors could recognize the subjects—all human figures, or heads. The paint loveliness, the invention displayed in the surfaces, however, were a song that, like many a song, happened to be "about" something, to have for its subject the human figure. Lyric is a word that came often to the lips of those who happened into the room. Every sensitive visitor felt here a personality of noble simplicity, one bold and masterly in using the finest resources of his medium.

In face of the simplicity and delicacy and power of these paintings, a few people still cherish their own blindness. They recall the absurdities of bygone chatter. This is the same Picasso precisely about whom the critics wrote in 1911, the same spirit at work, though the man is a dozen years older, but fully as bold and free—with more mastery. Certainly he is one of the freest figures of our time, unique in his utterance. The history of this painter's work in America, beginning with the exhibition at 291, and the puzzlement and opposition of critics and public, culminating in the semi-official sanction of Mrs. Whitney's studio and upper Fifth Avenue, is one that is not without parallel. Blindness of persons who call themselves critics is with us always, and indifference of patrons and museum directors. Twelve years is a short time for mastery to come to its own in New York City. The history is significant not alone because it is Picasso's. The same thing confronts every vital spirit in America.

Books

Without Benefit of Clergy

The Story of the Bible. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright. $5.

DESPITE its supposed irreligion the present generation is more likely to give the Bible a romantic reverence than to give it a rational reading. Even those who regard Mr. Van Loon as a sort of theological anti-Christ should, therefore, thank him for having transformed this much-revered but little-read book into a much-debated and widely read volume.

Although Mr. Van Loon went out of his way to write an uncontroversial book, he has unfortunately charted a new battle-ground for the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy which today disgraces Protestantism by forcing it to squander in a senseless guerrilla warfare between its members precious energies that should be employed in the prosecution of its basic mission of regenerating individuals and reconstructing institutions on a Christian basis. This "uncontroversial" book has become a storm-center of controversy because it is the first children's version of the story of the Bible which puts the broad results of modern historical criticism into simple words. Not that Mr. Van Loon deliberately set out to translate the results of the "higher criticism" into a book for children. He specifically disavows any such intention. And I believe he means what he says. I cannot join those reviewers who think Mr. Van Loon is a self-conscious theological radical who denies any interest in doctrinalism in order not to scare away orthodox readers. I take him at his word when he says:

"As a matter of fact I am not trying to rewrite the Bible or interpret the Bible or give a modern version of the Bible. I

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am leaving the Bible most severely alone. The Holy Books have been translated with extreme competency by our Great Grandfathers. I have a profound respect for their labors. I shall not offend their sense of the ludicrous by a futile attempt to improve upon the King James version.

"Neither dare I confess to that profound theological knowledge which is necessary for a critical examination of the Old and the New Testament. Those who expect to read a Bible written against a background of the latest archaeological and philological discoveries will be disappointed. The book merely tells the story as I personally (and in a most uncontroversial fashion) would like to tell it to my own boys. Nothing more and nothing less."

The fact that Mr. Van Loon's version of the story corresponds as closely as it does to the results of modern historical criticism of the Bible is due, I think, not to the fact that Mr. Van Loon has based his book on the detailed work of modern scholars, but simply to the fact that the major conclusions of modern Biblical criticism, arrived at after much burrowing among ancient documents, are just about the conclusions at which any sensible man would arrive if he were able to read the Bible through without any preconceived theological notions. I have always envied the "heathen" who has the chance to read the Bible for the first time. What an advantage he has over the rest of us who have such difficulty in approaching the Bible with the same open-minded honesty we bring to other books! I have often thought that if, by some sort of executive order of an over-seeing Providence, all memory of the Bible, of Christianity, and of theological doctrines could be wiped from the mind of the human race, and a freshly printed copy of the Bible placed in the hands of every member of the human family, we should be suddenly rid of the ruinous controversies that are today despiritualizing the church and a genuine revival of religion would sweep the planet. It is not the Bible that is difficult to understand; it is the theological explanations of the Bible that have befuddled the mind of mankind.

Now, Mr. Van Loon, being a really educated man, has been able to recover something of the freshness and freedom of approach that a man who read the Bible for the first time might enjoy. But we cannot ignore the fact that, despite his intention of keeping his book free from all preaching, Mr. Van Loon has preached a great deal. He has done much besides tell the story. He has dramatized the Modernist conception of the Bible—at least certain important aspects of that conception. And he has done this less by what he has put into the book than by what he has left out of the book. He has frankly left out the stories of the Resurrection and of the Virgin Birth, for instance. Of course, he has a good precedent for not speaking of the Virgin Birth, inasmuch as Jesus Himself never, so far as any existing record indicates, referred to it. Supernaturalism is rather completely deleted from the story. This means, of course, that the book is drawing and will continue to draw the fire of the champions of orthodoxy. But I do not think we have any right to judge this book as an attempt to draft a complete body of religious thought. I wish that Mr. Van Loon had called his book "Stories of the Bible" instead of "The Story of the Bible." We might then have had all the advantage of the freshness, the common sense, the human appeal of his book, without having its wholesome influence blurred by the theological brawls it is engendering.

The book was written for children, but the author clearly could not forget that adults would read it too; with the result that there are stretches of the book that are hardly easy reading for the average boy or girl. But, all in all, it has a dash and a fire that will capture the interest of young and old alike. Mr. Van Loon is a sophisticated man, but he has managed to retain both gusto and simplicity, two virtues that the sophisticated usually throw overboard. The book abounds in clever characterizations. The rather starkly realistic stories of immorality in the Old Testament have been disinfected so that even Mr. Sumner need not be disturbed. Rahab's harlotry is deftly understated in a reference to her as a woman who "was not particular in the choice of her friends." Meticulous critics will point out many technical slips, but these are less serious than the lapses into superstition that often mar such books.

I think it a good thing that Van Loon's "The Story of the Bible" should be on the market alongside Papini's "Life of Christ." Papini's romanticism and Van Loon's rationalism will tend to correct each other. Between the two books, the Carpenter of Nazareth will not suffer greatly, and millions will read afresh the vivid record of mankind's quest for the infinite.

GLENN FRANK

Robert Frost

New Hampshire. A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes. By Robert Frost. With woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

Selected Poems. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

DURING the seven years since "Mountain Interval" Mr. Frost has not been silent. From time to time poems have appeared in magazines or anthologies, and a good many of them, at least among those readers who like Mr. Frost better than any other poet, have become legends. Now at last these come together and fall naturally into the places which they were born to take in the unique unity of their author's work. And as if to emphasize that unity, Mr. Frost as editor has bound them by footnote and cross-reference to a long poem, New Hampshire, which endeavors to express his attitude in general toward the world.

New Hampshire is full of philosophy and fun. If it can be summarized at all, it is a statement of Mr. Frost's partiality to wildness. He likes New Hampshire because it is no good to anybody but itself. It is solitary and queer; it has no standard product for the trade.

> "Just specimens is all New Hampshire has,
> One each of everything as in a show-case,
> Which naturally she doesn't care to sell."

All of its people are different, and its many resources are too slight to be exploited.

> "One of my children ranging after rocks
> Lately brought home from Andover or Canaan
> A specimen of beryl with a trace
> Of radium. I know with radium
> The trace would have to be the merest trace
> To be below the threshold of commercial,
> But trust New Hampshire not to have enough
> Of radium or anything to sell."

It is not much on education, although—worse luck—there is Dartmouth. Its inhabitants have mastered the fine art of wise living by themselves.

The shorter poems round out a volume which is quite as good as any of Mr. Frost's other three, and which stands up very well with "Selected Poems" (1913-1920). Incidentally, these notes and grace notes make it possible to see wherein the indirectness of their poet's method is effective and wherein it fails. At its worst it is a mannerism, a tour de force of syntax; it puzzles with mere obscurity. At its best it is poetry of the subtlest sort, because it carries the conviction that there was no other way to communicate the reticence inherent both in the subject and in the poet. Out of A Star in a Stone-Boat, for instance, an idea gradually emerges which Mr. Frost could not and should not have expressed directly. He has paced all the way around the idea, hinting of this or that aspect; the idea itself is left for the reader to get, and if he is the right kind of reader he will get it and rejoice. In a larger sense also the indirectness of Mr. Frost justifies itself. His love of the country is so profound that he will not say in so many words that he loves it. Indeed, one has the illusion that Mr. Frost would

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rather not talk at all. Now and then he has confessed to being moved by birches, or an occasional lonely house; but countless other things must wait their day, and most of them will wait in vain. To create such an illusion is to be one poet in ten thousand.

The Witch of Coös was already famous as a ghost story. The Runaway is unsurpassed of its kind. It remains to point out the excellence as narrative of such a poem as The Axe-Helve, the beginning of which slips us so easily and silently—almost alone by means of rhythm—into the situation.

"I've known ere now an interfering branch
Of alder catch my lifted axe behind me.
But that was in the woods, to hold my hand
From striking at another alder's roots,
And that was, as I say, an alder branch.
This was a man, Baptiste, who stole one day
Behind me on the snow in my own yard
Where I was working at the chopping-block,
And cutting nothing not cut down already.
He caught my axe expertly on the rise,
When all my strength put forth was in his favor,
Held it a moment where it was, to calm me,
Then took it from me—and I let him take it."

MARK VAN DOREN

Economics—Antiquarian and Academic

Economics of the Hour. By J. St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putman's Sons. $2.

The Control of Industry. By D. H. Robertson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

"ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR" Mr. Strachey has called his latest volume. Economics of *what* hour? one cannot refrain from asking, after reading this amazing and frequently amusing congeries of eighteenth-century comment and judgment on twentieth-century problems. But the book is important, nevertheless, and demands a closer analysis. In the first place, Mr. Strachey is not some obscure college professor: for many years he has been the distinguished editor of the London *Spectator*, the organon of conservatism in England, and as such, the ex officio defender of "Individualism, Independence, and Freedom," and the severe critic of collectivism in every form. Most important of all to us in this country, Mr. Strachey gives expression to economic conceptions shared by many of our own citizenry—conceptions long since abandoned by informed observers and students, but still clung to affectionately by those whose individualistic psychology has lagged decades behind the industrial development of the world.

It is inevitable that in supporting an eighteenth-century laissez faire psychology in the midst of our industrial society, Mr. Strachey should put himself into all manner of ludicrous positions. His naivete, and his incredible ignorance of the simplest realities of industrial life are as choice as can be found anywhere: they rank with the pronouncements on social questions of our own Supreme Court! For instance, he frowns upon legislation regulating the conditions of labor for women, and, as he tilts back in the comfortable editorial chair, says blandly: "The ordinary instances of unsuitable work for women should be left to the instinct of chivalry in the men." (Could Gilbert and Sullivan do better than that?) Inspection laws to protect the safety and health of workmen he disapproves of: let the men take care of their own safety—do their own inspecting. "A man can far better secure his own health and safety than any number of inspectors," he says. From such dicta, among many others of like sagacity, it is clear that Mr. Strachey has never been inside a modern industrial plant, or if he has, has learned not a thing from his experience. When he tries to think about industry, like most individualists of his stripe he is back in the days of the small shop. It is not only in this childlike conception of industry that Mr. Strachey shows that he lives between the editorial office and his club: "In the olden days, the bad old days . . . the state often fell into the hands of a particular class and this class used the power of the state not for the general good but in the interest of the ruling classes." Innuendo: today government is in the hands of all the people, and is conducted for the common good.

In his condemnation of modern collectivist and democratic tendencies on the ground that they interfere with "Individual Freedom" there are many who will agree with the distinguished conservative, though they share few of his illusions about economic problems in general. But the forces which cabin and confine individual freedom are not simply the result of collectivism, as Mr. Strachey's gifted countrymen the Webbs have pointed out.

Another preachment which runs through the book is likewise a familiar one in this country. It can be summed up in our war-time slogan, shouted to the worker from all sides: "Produce! Produce!" Mr. Strachey, however, puts it into a studied formula to this effect: the present division of the total product of industry between money and labor cannot be revised; "it is useless to argue about the division of the cake, for that is settled . . . on immutable principles," Mr. Strachey assures the worker. The way to increase his share is to increase the total product greatly, by working harder, by not limiting output, by eliminating strikes, and so forth. The total product being greater, by the same division the worker will receive a greater quotient. Nothing could be simpler! Unfortunately for the symmetry of the theory, the truth is that increasing general productivity does not benefit the worker according to the reasoning suggested. Statistical analysis by Mr. Soule, for instance, shows that although production in this country has increased about 80 per cent since the beginning of the century (so that under the Strachey argument each worker would now have 30 per cent more of the resulting product than he had in 1900), as a matter of cold fact the purchasing power of his wages has *decreased* 10 per cent in that period. Nor are the principles upon which Mr. Strachey and his friends proceed "immutable." Recent economic history has convinced most students of industry that the conception of "inexorable economic laws" must be laid to rest, and that economic forces *can* successfully be subjected to social control.

All in all, Mr. Strachey's rubrics of an economic day which has gone forever, present as clear and convincing a discussion of economics as Tweedledum's masterpiece of logic. "Contrariwise," continued Tweedledum, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic." "And," Mr. Strachey would add, "that's economics."

With the keen scalpel of his acicular prose, Mr. Robertson dissects our economic organization so that its structure and the manner of its functioning are revealed. He makes it clear that our system is not the invention of the fat-jowled, silk-hatted "capitalist" of the cartoons: it is rather the product of centuries of industrial development. Extraordinary as it may seem, it is an economic system which runs itself: "the multitudinous economic activities of the world . . . govern themselves with all the . . . elasticity and variety of freedom." Largely because of this very uncoordination, experiments in industrial enterprises to correct the grievous defects in the scheme may "try their luck side by side" with the predominating plan. These efforts to amend or supplant capitalism Mr. Robertson presents succinctly and with discernment: producers' and consumers' cooperation, of which he gives a shrewd analysis; collectivism, the real significance of which he, in large measure, fails to comprehend; communism, for which, despite his scientific manner, he shows impatience. The crest of the book is reached when, in an eloquent passage, he describes the task which confronts these reformationists: "The control of industry requires not so much to be wrested from a band of supermen who are keeping it in some secret cupboard, as to be painfully built up out of the clay of man's ever-changing tech-

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nical achievement, and fixed out of the troubled atmosphere of his tumultuous needs and desires."

The impulse to translate life into terms of points and rules is a characteristic of the academic mind, and because Mr. Robertson (who is a Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge) has succumbed to this temptation, the latter half of his book is a sorry anti-climax. He formulates a proposition which he calls the "Golden Rule of Capitalism," and this he makes the centripetal point of his analysis for the remainder of the book. The "rule" is to this effect: "where the risk lies, there the control lies also." This (as Mr. Kittredge once said in another connection) is brilliant, but it is not true. Exceptions which nullify the rule can be cited off-hand: the contribution of the workers to industry; the public utilities and the national banks in this country and elsewhere; the thousands of small stockholders; cooperative enterprises, and so on. There is no less profitable occupation, whether for a Marx or a Robertson, than the formulation of "rules" in a field which has long defied this trick of the academician. DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Scrut Pudding

Riceyman Steps. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Young Felix. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. $2.

MR. BENNETT has always made his best books out of his most unpromising material. When, for example, he has chosen some lively attractive girl as his heroine and the colorful eager life of London or Paris as his background he has seldom succeeded in being more than jauntily trivial or in extracting more than the surface values from his themes; but give him a group of thoroughly dull people moving in the stodgiest possible society and he wrings from them every drop of human interest which they contain. The most incorrigible of optimists, he seems never really to rise to his task of proving human life worthwhile except when the task seems hopeless, but when there come to his hands the people whom he best understands—people petty and dull even beyond the ordinary limits of pettiness and dulness—he can make them seem impassively heroic and significant of something besides the stupid persistence of the human race; he can make us love them for their very commonness and agree, momentarily at least, that the most significant thing about human nature is not its depths or its heights but its every-day levels and the seldom clarified muddles of its mild vices and virtues.

The whitewashing of villains and cut-throats or the investing of the extremity of squalor and baseness with romantic glamor is comparatively easy, but it is doubtful if any writer ever achieved a more amazing feat than Bennett did when he made the monumental sogginess of the Five Towns interesting and convinced us, as he certainly did, that even there the burden of life was, in his own words, an "exquisite burden." The effect produced by his deliberate, tough-minded delight in swallowing the most indigestible portions of human life is hard to analyze but Max Beerbohm succeeded in transliterating it perfectly in his parody in "A Christmas Garland." When the hero of that sketch is presented on Christmas day with a liberal portion of scrut pudding—a delicacy peculiar to the hearty workmen who scorn the luxury of raisins and substitute a liberal admixture of pieces of broken pottery—he not only crunches it all between his teeth but passes his plate for more, in that act winning the heroine's heart and exhibiting Mr. Bennett's soul. The novelist reveals his unassuageable appetite for life by relishing it in its most unpalatable forms.

"Riceyman Steps," an excellent novel and quite the best which its author has written in some years, contrasts a stupidly good person with a stupidly evil one and succeeds in awaking almost equal interest in and affection for the two. The book is described by the publisher as taking Mr. Bennett "back to the pleasantly leisurely method of narration which marks 'The Old Wives Tale' and 'Clayhanger' and which to the true Bennett lover is one of his surest charms," but the book has the old-time flavor less because of the method of narration than because the author has abandoned his pose as pocket philosopher and again occupied himself with people unordinarily ordinary. One may expect in the beginning that the middle-aged bookseller hero is going to be picturesque or quaint but nothing is further from the truth. He turns out to be as petty a human being as ever novelist created and his ruling passion is avarice, not spectacular or dramatic, but trivial and mean. With the utmost relish Bennett traces meticulously every detail of his hero's cheeseparing and every phase of his commonplace, ineffective relations with his wife. Yet when in the end both die of undernourishment and the shop passes away the reaction of neither author nor reader is cynical; one feels simply that some very typical flesh has gone the way of all such, and one pays the tribute of sympathy which the common humanity demands.

It is but fair to add that the atmosphere of almost unrelieved littleness which surrounds this precious pair is relieved by the figure of the servant girl whose loyalty and goodness are rooted as deeply in the dim recesses of her uncomprehending soul as avarice is rooted in the soul of her master, but Bennett will allow us to surround her life with no fictitious glamor either, for when she disappears with her lover he adds the last lines of the book: "Elsie and Joe were characteristic of the district. They would have had to look much worse than they did to be classed as humble in Clerkenwell. Nor were people shocked at the spectacle of the woman lugging a heavy grip-bag while the man carried naught. Such dreadful things were often witnessed in Clerkenwell." Life, he seems to say in a sort of parody of Nietzsche's phrase, is interesting *because* it is dull.

Frank Swinnerton's new novel, cast in the form of a biography, tells the story of the boyhood and youth of a man of artistic sensibilities who is born into a shiftless family from which he inherits both a talent for non-success in life and a cheerfulness which makes him accept failure as a matter of course. The book has the freshness and force of style which marked "Nocturne," but it suffers somewhat from the fact that many of the necessary incidents in the biographical story of a young man have been endlessly repeated in the contemporary novel. It is more diffuse, too, than "Nocturne" and lacks the unified dramatic roundness which was one of the most striking features of that excellent story. But the conception of character is both fresh and interesting, and as the book appears to be but a portion of a larger work it will be perhaps better to postpone final judgment until the rest is published and to say simply that it seems promising. The plan and purpose of the whole will probably be more evident as the story progresses. J. W. KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation,* to appear February 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation.* Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

Roland Hayes

IT sometimes happens, though not often, that an artist imprints upon his work so much of what we call his soul that to do full justice to the one we must understand the other. Such an artist is Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor. To write only of his singing would not be enough, although that alone would place him in the front rank of concert artists regardless of race or nationality. I should certainly call him our finest American lieder singer, for the "spirituals," in which he is supreme, are only a part of his art after all. He has a tenor voice of rare beauty and unusually rich middle register, and its wide range and easy production enable him to give with equal perfection the lyric loveliness of a song or the dramatic force and accents of an aria. With unusually fine musical sensibilities he has an ear for languages so acute that whether it is Purcell in English, Handel in Italian, Bach in German, or Fauré or Massenet in French, he sings with impeccable taste and diction, never once straying from the picture in the frame.

But these attributes form after all only the husk of his art. Its substance is something quite otherwise, an inward element that bears the stamp of an experience more spiritual even than artistic. It brings to his art what my old singing teacher used to call "the most wonderful quality in the world," namely, tenderness; because where passion can tear a singer to pieces and leave the auditors cold, against tenderness there is no defense. It is a quality that lends enchantment to the voice, yet it is not always included in the "artistic temperament." Clément has it in a marked degree, as has also his youthful successor, Baugé. But while in the French tenors it takes on a certain sensuousness, in Hayes it seems to spring from a deep and pure humanity, subjecting all that he sings to a sort of spiritual alchemy. And not all that he sings can stand the test. Pseudo-sacred music like Dvorak's setting to the magnificent text of his seventh Biblical song becomes unbearably cheap, like a commonplace church solo. Even the "Dieu" of César Franck's "Procession" seems a bit futile, the mysticism vanishing into thin air. Yet such an atmospheric fragment as Fauré's "Clair de Lune," stripped of all sensuous nuance, will gleam suddenly like the ray of pale moonlight it was meant to be. And the "spirituals," like no other songs in form and content, will shine as pure gold, bearing a strange kinship to old masters like Bach, as though they were merely repeating a familiar message in new words. Here is an interpretation of music that is independent of schools, and, to understand it fully, one must go to the man himself.

A Negro, born and raised in the South, he received at birth two gifts, the musical heritage of his race and the religious faith of a mother who had learned the healing qualities of that faith during her early years of bondage. These two gifts he has cherished, trying always to be true to what was best in himself as a Negro and as a man. And with these two gifts to guide him, he has gone his way, simply, recognizing no material barriers, and removing mountains of prejudice as he went. His first step was to take singing lessons in the face of the theory that the Negro voice loses its individual, natural beauty when it is cultivated. This theory he has definitely smashed, for his voice has not only retained its rich warmth, but also that curiously sympathetic quality peculiar to his race.

During his years of study in the South he worked as a waiter, and when he finally went North to live he seems to have taken with him the respect of his white patrons, as they subsequently proved. He remained North for some years, chiefly in Boston, completing his vocal studies, giving occasional concerts, and even venturing a debut in New York, where, as I remember, he received unusually good notices. Then he found that there was no place for him yet as an artist in a country which had just fought to "make the world safe for democracy." So he went to Europe, where kings and titles and class distinctions still abound, and there he found recognition wherever he went, was lionized by the aristocracy of Paris and London, and was even "commanded" to sing before royalty. But of none of these things does he speak. If you ask him why he went to Europe he will tell you that he went to learn the languages and to try to understand the people, because he felt that if he could understand *them* he could understand their music. It is because he understands his own race, he adds, that he is able to sing their "spirituals" so well, and he feels that the same principle could be applied to all humanity. By building on the best qualities in himself that are peculiar to his race, as well as those that are common to all mankind, he hopes to prove that the Negro can be a universal artist, something more than a singer of "spirituals." In this way, and not by making a racial issue of his art, or of his career as an artist, he hopes to win recognition for his race. And he is accomplishing his aim. The citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, where he worked so long as a waiter, have asked him personally, through the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* to come back and sing for them. And this request has pleased him more than all the commands of kings. For now that the South has begun to welcome him on his merits as a man and as an artist he knows that he has at last been able to show to his people a light where before all was darkness, and a safe footpath on a road that was deemed impassable. And so, seeking the verities of his art through those of life, he has been able to transmute that art from an expression of formal beauty into a spiritual utterance.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Divertissements

NEW YORK is full of a number of things. There is something for every taste, from the most acridly sophisticated to the crudest. There is a wild jumble of stimuli. He who is

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THOMAS SELTZER

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What Have Books for Children to Do with Internationalism?

WHO cannot recall early bigoted impressions of nationalities? I remember best the English schoolboy's attitude toward the Frenchman. It was that he was an effeminate eater of frogs and snails! With that (before the days of Edward VII and the Entente Cordiale) we dismissed him. What English schoolboy ever read a *French* "Tom Brown's School Days"? *Did* they go to school? Oh, well, if they did it was probably to some Cat's Cradle Institute or Needle Work Nursery!

How many race hatreds derive their perpetuation—if not their origin—from legends, from fairy tales, from sagas told around the peat hearth or the tribal camp fire? Wrongs, real or imaginary; grievances exaggerated or accurately re-told; ready-made, second-hand, traditional impressions; biases—antipathies that grew more deadly as every new generation drove them further from the reasoning, deeper into the instinctive, field: who shall say what harm they did? Who shall count the wars they brought about?

And if our forefathers could educate race hatreds into their children, we should be able to educate race hatreds out of ours. And education is not just dates and multiplication tables. Education is home, friends, games, story-books, life.

Desultorily the World today is trying to get back into old suits of clothes—pre-war mufti suits—and wondering why they don't seem to fit any more. Until the problems of internationalism are acknowledged and faced Society and Civilization cannot go forward from the pass they have now reached. We must proceed with our evolution or let repeating history bring us back to 1914.

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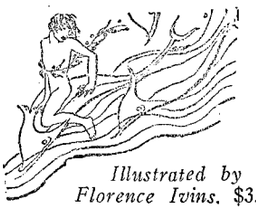

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subjected to them all, unless his aesthetic skin can somehow combine sensitiveness with reasonable thickness, is likely to be lost. I proceed to the events of a given week to make good these feeble but not quite importless generalizations.

The week began on Sunday afternoon with the *répétition générale*—why not dress rehearsals?—of Les Ballets Suédois at the Century Theater. I do not ask: why not Swedish Ballets? For the fact is that only the names of the dancers and some most agreeable folk-tunes in a single number have anything to do with Sweden. The symbolic poems or scenarios which the dances illustrate are by M. Jean Cocteau and by M. Paul Claudel; the music is largely the work of M. Darius Milhaud. The theme and mood of the first two ballets, Skating Rink and Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel, are of a devastating dryness of the soul. Here is lethargic despair and an irony that, in its gross and complete bitterness, verges on the obscene. M. Claudel's "plastic poem," L'Homme et son Désir, is full of a large imaginativeness but one that has no freshness, no dew, no star. Everything is close, sultry, miasmic. Little can be said of the dancing in these ballets, since there is, in fact, little dancing. There is pantomimic gesture of a symbolic sort and I cannot think it more than adequate at any point. What counts here is the music, and I need hardly say that it is music of the ultra-modern sort, wholly unmelodic, wholly dependent for its values on the printed program and the pantomimic gesture. There is a fashion in which it undoubtedly illustrates both. Without them it would be meaningless. This merely illustrative art is, except at occasional moments, crudely realistic. When in L'Homme et son Désir the noises of a primeval forest are to be musically illustrated, the percussion instruments are augmented by two slats ripped out of a packing case and struck together, and among the wood-winds a wry-faced gentleman is seen to blow a screechy penny-whistle of tin. This is new; it is assuredly not subtle. I do not deny that this music has moments when it makes the nerves quiver; the deeper part remains cold. The Swedish legend on the theme of the foolish virgins is quaint and charming and the Swedish folk-tunes have lovely melodic curves and flights.

On Monday Mr. John Barrymore reopened in "Hamlet" at the Manhattan Opera House. Unless my memory is outrageously at fault his performance was clearer and more clearly beautiful last year and has now taken on a tinge of morbidness that warps it. His tenderness is now oversoft and his facial expressions are almost neurasthenic in character. His Hamlet remains a performance of the highest distinction and several of his fellow-players continue to give the best interpretations of those parts that have ever been seen. That is true of the Queen, of Polonius, of the First Grave-Digger.

Next, in this week, came the usual trade goods—"Time" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater), an agreeable but quite unimportant little comedy, and "In the Next Room" (Vanderbilt Theater), a detective mystery melodrama very ingeniously contrived, in which the villain who, in such plays, was always a Frenchman before 1914, a German from 1914 to 1918, a Russian from 1918 to 1922, is a Frenchman again!

The necessary limitations of time and human strength prevented this deponent from seeing any of the remaining offerings of the week except "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" (Belasco Theater), a play which illustrated like every other of its origin that I have read the feeble fantasticality and thick, unashamed tearfulness of the contemporary Italian theater. This piece of emphatic picturesqueness and violent but stale emotional antitheses is staged by Mr. Belasco with his accustomed taste and skill and smoothness and the part of the Clown is admirably portrayed by Mr. Lionel Barrymore. He creates a good and forlorn and very concrete human being whose sufferings could move one deeply were they not so obviously patched out of a hundred similar theatric anecdotes which have drawn easy tears so long and so often that, in all but the veriest innocents, this particular source is dry.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

"Reactionaries of All Countries, Unite!"

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON November 7, one day before the outbreak of the "beer-hall revolution" in Munich, a detachment of Hungarian soldiers surrounded the Vienna express train coming from Budapest and arrested one of the passengers, Dr. Francis Ulain, a member of the Hungarian Parliament. They found in his possession a passport to Munich and an "international agreement" signed, as between the Bavarian and Hungarian states, by Dr. Adalbert Szemere and Titus von Bobula on behalf of Hungary, and visaed by Herr Doehmel, "diplomatic delegate," on behalf of Bavaria. Ulain's errand was to have the agreement signed by Adolf Hitler as the supposed representative of the sovereign Bavarian state. The document, which is now in possession of the Budapest police, contains provisions of a diplomatic and military nature. It virtually restores to Hungary the territory adjudicated to the succession states by the Treaty of the Trianon. At the same time it provides, in the main, that Bavaria is to supply Hungary with soldiers, particularly with such as have some special training, and which, it is implied in the text of the agreement, could be used in case Hungarian labor should strike as a protest against the "liberating action" of the reactionaries. On the other hand, Hungary promises to furnish Bavaria with foodstuffs. The full text of the agreement as it is reprinted in the *Bécsi Magyar Ujság* of Vienna is as follows:

PRELIMINARY AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE BAVARIAN AND HUNGARIAN STATES TOWARD A UNITED POLITICAL AND MILITARY ACTION

1. In view of the identical interests and purposes of the contracting parties their close cooperation is agreed upon in all respects and under all circumstances.

2. Notwithstanding this identity of political and military interests and purposes, the sovereignty of both contracting parties remains unaffected, so that interference of one in the political affairs of the other is declared inadmissible unless the other party consents.

3. Both contracting parties reserve the right to enter into other international agreements provided such agreements do not affect unfavorably the interests of the other party.

4. If one of the parties enters into an agreement with a third Power that is injurious to the interests of the other contracting party, a compensatory agreement is to be concluded.

5. The Bavarian state recognizes the pre-war boundaries of the Hungarian state. The Hungarian state extends to Bavaria a reciprocal recognition of its frontiers. Should one of the contracting parties decide upon the annexation of foreign territory, the other contracting party obligates itself to recognize such annexations, provided they do not affect its interests.

6. The identity of the task to be performed renders it the duty of both contracting parties to supply each other with all the material means at their disposal in order to attain the desired end.

7. The Bavarian state obligates itself to supply the Hungarian state with all materials which it may need. The same applies to the Hungarian state. [The first and second inclosures of this document set forth in detail the services most urgently needed by each contracting party.]

8. In addition to the aid mentioned in the first and second inclosures Bavaria supplies Hungary with specially trained soldiers. [The third inclosure furnishes a mere detailed explanation of this section.]

9. The contracting parties are obligated to notify each other of the time of the military action which they have agreed to execute with a view to establishing the governmental system which they desire. (Note: The Hungarian military action will probably take place toward the end of November of the current year.)

10. This agreement is provisional. After the military actions, conferences are to be held by the contracting parties in order to pass finally upon the relations of the newly constituted states.

Supplementary Clause:

Both states agree to postpone solution of the problem of monarchy until after the termination of the military actions.

Budapest, November 3, 1923

Munich, ...

DR. ADALBERT SZEMERE,
TITUS VON BOBULA
Visaed by:
DOEHMEL, diplomatic delegate

FIRST INCLOSURE

Inasmuch as the transports to be effected by Bavaria as determined by the German Kampfbund on October 24, 1923, are not deemed sufficient, it is agreed that the number of troops enumerated in the list of the Kampfbund should be doubled.

Although the materials enumerated in said list are thought sufficient to enable Hungary to start the military action, it is nevertheless agreed that when the Hungarian army is enlarged the material will be increased.

In addition to the men to be turned over to Hungary by Bavaria request is made for officers who would train and organize the Hungarian army, and act as military advisers.

Troops and material should be held at the disposal of Hungary from the day designated by Hungary's representatives.

For the period of one month Bavaria will pay and supply the Bavarian troops in Hungary.

SECOND INCLOSURE

Hungary is willing to supply Bavaria with foodstuffs after the military action has been terminated. The transportation of foodstuffs will presumably start in January, 1924, and will include wheat, vegetables, cattle, wine, milk, milk products, and poultry. Final agreement concerning this inclosure will be reached through verbal negotiations in Munich.

THIRD INCLOSURE

It is deemed necessary that Bavaria should furnish Hungary with men prepared to perform skilled work in addition to their military activities.

FOURTH INCLOSURE

In view of the importance of the financial provisions to be agreed upon by the contracting parties it is necessary that they should be determined verbally by the Bavarian and Hungarian delegates who are to meet in Munich.

As behooves a document drawn up according to the rules of secret diplomacy this "preliminary agreement" was accompanied by a covering letter which described in detail the measures taken in order to insure the victory of the "military action." Special arrangements had been made to intimidate the inhabitants of Budapest. Coincident with the declaration of the military dictatorship a pogrom was to be executed in all Hungary against the Jews and other "unreliable" elements. How thorough the job would have been is evidenced by another document, seized by the Budapest police, in which the suggestion is made that after their accession to power the dictators should notify the

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Alliance Israélite Universelle at Paris that if the Little Entente made the least attempt to interfere with events in Hungary, all Jews—men, women, and children alike—living on Hungarian territory would be massacred.

It is generally assumed in Hungary, and this belief is strengthened by certain passages of the secret agreement, that the two coups d'etat were not intended to be performed at the same time. It was expected that after the military dictatorship of the Hitlerites had been declared in Bavaria, some of the Bavarian troops would have been utilized in the Hungarian insurrection. A document which was in possession of a certain Dr. Fritz, an agent of Hitler in Hungary, contained strategical outlines for the invasion of Hungary by the Bavarians. According to this document, Bavarian and Austrian Hakenkreuzler (soldiers wearing the swastika, the Aryan symbol) were to enter Hungary as soon as Hitler became victorious in Munich and were to march through Sopron toward Budapest, the Hungarian capital, where they were to be met by the troops of Ulain and of the notorious Gömbös, leader of the "Awakening Hungarians" and other reactionary organizations.

Captain Gömbös, whose name is already familiar to the foreign public, was selected to head the list of the members of what the would-be dictators termed the new "cabinet," which was to oust Count Bethlen, now prime minister of Hungary.

Francis Ulain was the connecting link between the Hungarian and Bavarian insurgents. He figures as "Minister of Justice" in the proposed new reactionary government. He is known in Hungary as a member of the extreme right ever since the white terror was inaugurated in Hungary and as the faithful body-guard of Admiral Horthy, the regent-governor of Hungary. As he was the most humble member of the conspiracy in Hungary, it was he whom the Hungarian authorities arrested despite his parliamentary immunity.

Most interesting in the whole affair is the role of Regent-Governor Horthy. Those Hungarian papers which are published by the Hungarian émigrés and which therefore can express their opinion without danger of criminal prosecution, declare that the evidence presented in this case against the governor shows that he was conspiring against his own government. His friends, the political and military leaders of the white terror, were already complaining that he had let the government drift too far toward "liberalism." Besides, Horthy may have thought that a coup d'etat, timed as judiciously as that to which he owed his governorship, would insure for him permanent possession of his office or might even land him on the Hungarian throne.

The communiqué of the Budapest police headquarters summarizing the cross-examination of Ulain and his accomplices goes far toward disclosing the connection between the governor and the prisoners. Its publication created a sensation in Hungary because it is interpreted to indicate a determination on the part of the Government to take up the challenge to the regent-governor and to expose his relations with the political adventurers.

"Deside Szrubián, police captain," the report of the police says, "who is in charge of the investigation, ordered Francis Ulain, Adalbert Szemere, and Titus von Bobula to be brought before him. Asked about the criminal act with which they were charged, the prisoners declined to testify. They insisted that they should be taken to the regent-governor, Nicholas Horthy, and be allowed to meet him alone. They demanded that the police call up the governor and transmit their statement to him. They were sure, they said, that the governor would desire to see them. When they were told that neither of these requests could be complied with, they repeatedly declared that they would testify only in the presence of the governor. Francis Ulain added that he did not doubt that the governor would come to see them at the police headquarters as soon as their message was received by him. When all their demands were turned down, the prisoners declared that they would not answer any questions."

Titus von Bobula, another conspirator often mentioned in Hungary in connection with the attempted uprising, is an American citizen. Probably it is intuition rather than evidence which makes the Hungarian newspapers insist that he is the representative of a "marvelously rich American."

The seizure of the secret agreement between the Ludendorff-Hitler and Horthy-Gömbös-Ulain extremists calls attention to other prospective "alliances" which were under negotiation between the Bavarian and Hungarian reactionaries on the one hand and Polish and Austrian reactionaries on the other. One of Hitler's lieutenants was carrying on negotiations with Polish reactionaries in which the "renunciation" of East Prussia in favor of Poland was suggested to balance the "willingness of Poland to counterbalance the intervention of Czecho-Slovakia in Bavaria in the case of a military action." Besides this, the Vienna *Stunde* reports another "alliance" which was planned between the Bavarian and Austrian Hakenkreuzler.

It is logical to assume that the secret agreement concluded between the Bavarian and Hungarian reactionaries and the negotiations with their Polish and Austrian sympathizers were intended to form the basis of a bloc of reactionary states in Central Europe. With their tolerant attitude toward the extreme right both Herr von Kahr in Munich and Count Bethlen in Budapest had seemed to signify that if sufficient force were brought to bear upon them they would be only too glad to yield. When they saw that the insurgents were bungling their way toward destruction they simply turned their backs on them and thus, *nolens volens*, prevented what history would have recorded as the twentieth-century edition of the Holy Alliance, prefaced—as the Hungarian near-dictators indicated—by a Mid-European massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

Von Kahr at the Beer-Hall

DR. VON KAHR, "dictator" of Bavaria, played an ambiguous part in the Munich beer-hall revolution of November 7. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* for November 9 contains a full account of the meeting at which the dramatic Hitler coup occurred. From it the following excerpts are taken:

State Commissioner von Kahr had finished about half of his address. He had just pronounced the following sentence: "Nationalist circles believe that the restoration of a strong state authority would be sufficient. But the strongest man, provided with the greatest power, cannot save the people without active help from the people, help inspired by the national spirit."

At these words unrest became apparent at the entrance. Loud cries of "Hoch, Hitler," were heard. Hitler himself, pistol in hand, followed by armed men, burst into the room, stepped up to the rostrum, and declared that the beer-hall was guarded by armed men. In order to make himself heard above the din he

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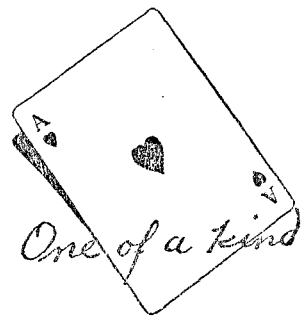

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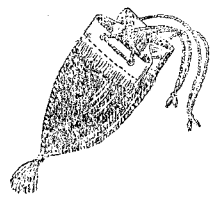

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fired his pistol at the ceiling and then cried: "The national republic is declared."

This was at 8:45. Hitler then asked von Kahr and General von Lossow [commander of the Bavarian Reichswehr] to leave the room for a discussion with him. This they did. Shortly after, Prime Minister von Knilling and his fellow-ministers and officials Schweyer, Gürtner, Wutzlhofer, Zetlmeier, and Bernreuther were led out under guard and put under arrest. . . .

At 8:55 Hitler, who had returned, spoke as follows: "Fellow-Germans! Five years ago today the most infamous crime was committed. It plunged our poor unhappy people into this immeasurable misery. I therefore propose:

"That the Knilling Cabinet be deposed; that a Bavarian government be formed with an administrator and with a prime minister equipped with dictatorial powers. As administrator I propose Herr von Kahr; as prime minister, President Pöhner. The Government of the November-criminals in Berlin, and Ebert with it, is declared deposed. A German National Government will be named here in Munich today, and a German national army will immediately be formed.

"I therefore propose: Until a reckoning with the criminals who are today driving Germany downward is completed, I undertake the direction of the policy of the German National Government. His Excellency, General Ludendorff, assumes direction of the German national army. General Lossow becomes Minister of National Defense. Colonel von Seiffer becomes chief of the national police. . . ."

At 9:45 Dr. von Kahr, Hitler, General von Lossow, President Pöhner, and Colonel Seiffer reentered the hall, together with General Ludendorff. Dr. von Kahr, amid stormy applause, declared:

"Gentlemen: In the fatherland's bitterest need I assume direction of the destiny of Bavaria as viceroy [Statthalter] of the monarchy which five years ago was destroyed by thoughtless hands. I do this with a heavy heart, and—as I hope—for the welfare of our beloved Bavarian home and of our great German fatherland."

After Adolf Hitler had spoken again, announcing that von Kahr, von Lossow, von Pöhner, and von Seiffer had accepted the tasks assigned to them, General Ludendorff spoke, in part, as follows:

. . . This hour marks the turning-point in German history. Let us enter upon it with a great moral earnestness, convinced of the overwhelming difficulty of our task and impressed with our heavy responsibility. With the rest of the people let us go to our work. If we do this work with pure hearts—German men, I do not doubt it—God's blessing, which we invoke in this hour, will be upon us. Without God's blessing nothing happens. I am convinced, I do not doubt, that God in Heaven, when he sees that German men have at last risen again, will be with us!

The daily newspapers have told how Hitler's "Government" was overthrown on November 9, how Ludendorff was arrested, and how Hitler fled, while von Kahr resumed his old position. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* for November 10 gives an obviously inspired interpretation of von Kahr's action at the beer-hall:

In the days and weeks immediately preceding, Hitler had repeatedly, before witnesses, agreed to maintain a loyal attitude toward von Kahr and to undertake no action against him. He had accepted the invitation to be present, in an invited group, when von Kahr made his great proclamation [at the beer-hall on November 7]; and he had promised not to speak on that occasion. He abused the trust placed in him to carry out a putsch and to overcome the state commissioner and his national-minded guests. . . .

In such a network of conspiracy von Kahr must have experienced the most difficult moment of his life. For he had to act in contradiction to his inner nature. It would have been natural for him to have cast his treachery in the traitor's face. But he knew that if he did that the armed men who dominated the hall would have arrested him and the leaders of the Reichswehr and of the state police, and thereby have destroyed law and order in the state and have brought evils beyond prophecy upon our fatherland. At that moment von Kahr came to a decision which must forever be regarded as one of the greatest and most extraordinary deeds of German history. He, the man of loyalty and truth, apparently surrendered. . . . Had he not made the sacrifice—in full consciousness that he exposed his name and reputation to the worst misinterpretations, in full consciousness (even more serious for him) that he was acting for the first time in his life in contradiction with his own self—then Munich would today be the scene of worse battles than we have experienced.

One's judgment of the significance of the Bavarian-Hungarian negotiations described by Mr. Lengyel must depend in considerable part upon the interpretation placed upon von Kahr's relations with Hitler before and on November 7.

France in the Palatinate

THE German charge d'affaires in Paris delivered to the French Government on October 26 a note in which he complained of the French attempt to create a separatist government in the Rhenish Palatinate. He cited the speech made by Major Louis of the French army before the Kreistag (quoted in the International Relations Section for November 28) and added that after the Kreistag had unanimously rejected the proposal for an autonomous state General de Metz delivered the following note to the Bavarian representative with the occupation authorities:

The Bavarian Government, by its conduct in the present conflict with the Reich Government, has placed itself outside the constitution, thereby breaking the constitution. The French have to conclude that the executive power of the Bavarian Government no longer exists in the Palatinate. Accordingly the Bavarian officials in the Palatinate no longer have the attributes of sovereignty. General de Metz therefore forbids them further to exercise their official functions. If they wish to remain longer in the Palatinate they may do so only as private individuals. This notice will also be sent to the other Bavarian officials in the Palatinate.

The charge protested in the name of the Government of the Reich against this action, which he called contrary to law and to the Treaty of Versailles. To this protest M. Poincaré replied in a note printed in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* for November 11. M. Poincaré's note made no mention of the two official French statements against which the charge protested, but said:

The protest misrepresents the attitude of the French authorities and assigns to them a responsibility which is not theirs. The present difficulties of the Palatinate are not due to the procedure of the French authorities but solely and only to the agitation in Germany which is the consequence of passive resistance. It must be emphasized that the recent events in Germany have brought the Palatinate into an inextricable position which fully explains the unrest of its people. Just as the French Government held entirely aloof from the preparations which led to the outbreak of the separatist action, just as it has held aloof from events in the Rhineland and will remain aloof, so also it can accept no responsibility for decisions which have been made in full freedom by the people of the Palatinate. . . .

The irony of this reply will be appreciated after a study of the documents printed in *The Nation* for November 28, and of that printed above.

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